

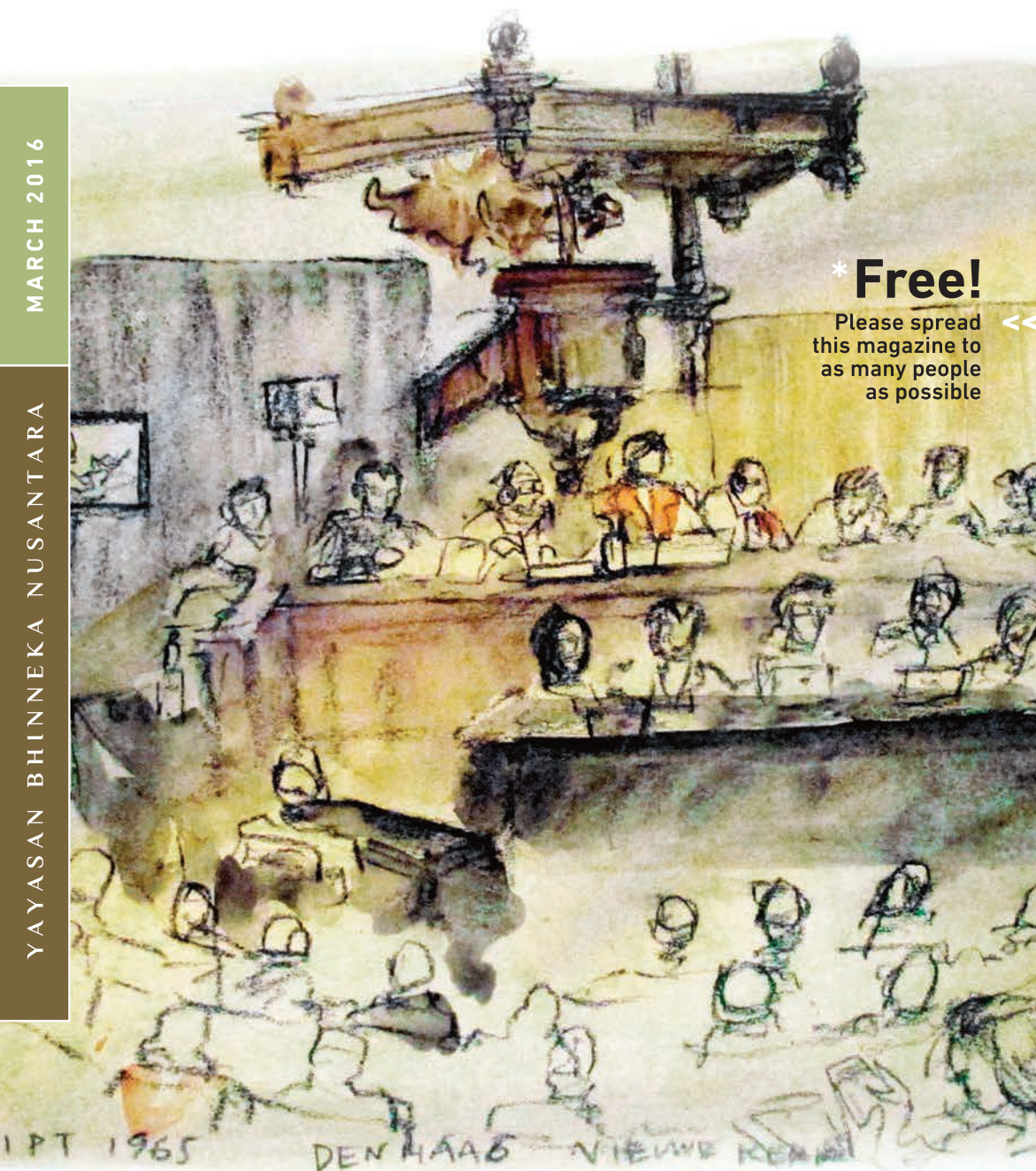
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MARCH 2016

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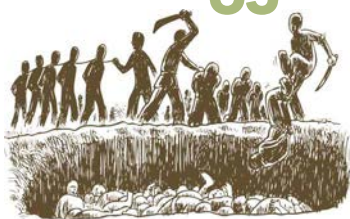
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INTERNATIONAL **PEOPLE'S TRIBUNAL** ON THE '65 GENOCIDE IN INDONESIA
& THE INVOLVEMENT OF THE WEST IN THE GENOCIDE

The International People's Tribunal Against Human Rights Violations in 1965 Indonesia (IPT '65) is an initiative by the community, to direct attention to the grave abuse of human rights and the impact it had on the community. It was held in The Hague from 10-13 November 2015. The IPT is similar to a formal court but it operates outside the mechanisms of government and formal institutions, such as the United Nations. Its authority comes from the voices of the victims, as well as that of civil society.

International People's Tribunal '65



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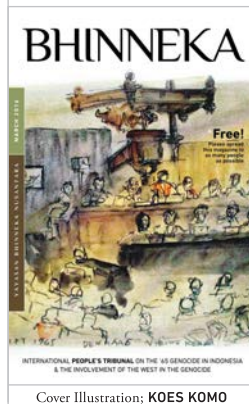
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Please spread this magazine to
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manipulation in Indonesia.



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TIMELINE: INDONESIA 1965 - NOW

Mid October 1965 - Early 1967

The imprisonment, torture and murder of millions of people in the anti-communist purge. **1967** Soeharto is appointed as acting President and as President the following year. **21 May 1998** Soeharto is forced to step down but his cronies are allowed to remain in power. **2014 March - May:** In his campaign, Jokowi promises to resolve past human rights abuses. **20 October:** Jokowi is inaugurated as President. **October 2015** Jokowi refuses to apologise to the 1965 victims. **10 - 13 November 2015** International People's Tribunal on 1965 Crimes against Humanity (IPT '65) is held in The Hague with Todung Mulya Lubis as Chief Prosecutor, and Saskia Wieringa and Nursyahbani Katjasungkana as coordinators.

*

The IPT '65 demonstrates the power of the people who are not willing to remain silent after the genocide in 1965. Held in the Hague from November 10 - 13, 2015, the Tribunal intended to reveal the incident that has been covered up not only by the Indonesian government but also by several western governments in support of the atrocities committed. They feared that Indonesia would turn into a communist country. The support of the American government will be discussed in detail in this magazine. However, the British and Australian governments also gave their support to one of the biggest genocides in the 20th century.

On 8 October 1965, the British Foreign Office sent a message to Singapore encouraging the anti-communist propaganda:

Our objectives are to encourage anti-Communist Indonesians to more vigorous action in the hope of crushing Communism in Indonesia altogether, even if only temporarily, and, to this end and for its own sake, to spread alarm and despondency in Indonesia to prevent, or at any rate delay, re-emergence of Nasakom Government [government including the PKI] under Sukarno.¹

The support for the brutal genocide in Indonesia was also expressed by the Australian Prime Minister, Harold Holt, who commented in July 1966: "With 500,000 to 1 million Communist sympathizers knocked off, I think it is safe to assume a reorientation [in Indonesia] has taken place."²

The covering of this genocide serves the purposes of many people in power in several countries. Thus, the activists of the 1965 incident have to face many barriers and gigantic powers. Indeed, we have been successful in holding the Tribunal. Yet, we must admit that after all, we cannot prosecute anyone at this point, as the people's tribunal has no power to do that.

If the Indonesian government refuses to acknowledge the Tribunal's decision concerning the 1965 incident, will this tribunal have been in vain? Such a question has been uttered several times - many times. While some might think that the tribunal was pointless, I feel that not continuing to act would be akin to giving up. To believe that nothing can be changed is to fail to understand the process to which we have been committed.

The road to justice is often winding, painful and even horrifying. Thus, when we fight for justice, we may risk losing from time to time, but to give up means we have already lost. So I beg you again and again, to please share this magazine to continue the fight against historical manipulation and impunity and to achieve justice for those so brutally persecuted.

{ SOE TJEN MARCHING }

TESTIMONY

Mass Grave in Kebun Raya, Purwodadi

06





MASS GRAVE IN KEBUN RAYA, PURWODADI (Pasuruan)

{ SASKIA WIERINGA }

“

Pak Karto (a pseudonym) is a family friend. He often comes to visit, from his home up the slopes of the volcano Arjuna. His whole life he has worked in the tea gardens near the top of the volcano. Now he has retired and tends his own large garden where he plants cassava and cultivates his fruit trees. He is a gentle, small, neatly-dressed man, in his late sixties. With his sonorous bass he shares his vast knowledge of Javanese culture. But he never told us that he was involved in one of the most gruesome mass murders in East Java: the victims of which lie buried in the nearby Botanical Gardens (Kebun Raya) of Purwodadi, East Java.



He grew up in the neighbourhood, Lor, the North kampung, around our house. Of old this was a nationalist kampung, the people considered themselves marhaen, strong followers of President Sukarno. Their religious worship included elements of the old Javanese religion, with its offerings. This was not the case with the neighbourhood around the big mosque along the road to Malang, Kedul, the south Kampung. In Kedul there were some religious schools and the people followed more strictly the prayer routines of the NU. The youth had their own groups, including a drumband and prayer groups. Some children of the neighbourhood around our house, Lor, also joined in these activities, such as Bu Ning. Although the division between these two neighbourhoods in one village were real and recognised, they respected each other. They were all Muslims in various shades. After October 1 1965 this changed. Some youths of Kedul, the neighbourhood with the mosque who already had joined the NU youth group, Ansor, were involved in the mass killings. But not only they.

On one of Pak Karto's visits the conversation was on the massacres of 1965-6 in kampung Lor. The previous day the two close friends Bu Ning (pseudonym) and Bu Parti (pseudonym), primary schoolgirls at the time, had reminisced on this period. On their way to school they had often seen decapitated bodies, the river, always so clear, colouring red from the blood. Bu Parti had asked her friend, Bu Ning, 'do you remember Ibu Siong? I believe she died for she was raped and killed by the murderer of her husband?'

Bu Ning couldn't quite remember. 'Do you mean the seamstress near our school?' As they both were uncertain about what had happened to Ibu Siong, Bu Ning asked Pak Karto, who was a few years older.

Pak Karto nodded - he attended the lower secondary at the time and had witnessed similar sights. 'But the story about Ibu Siong was very different', he added. Bu Ning looked at him with surprise. 'She was not killed by the murderer of her husband, but many years later she was robbed, and forced to marry her attacker. She felt she was constantly raped in this marriage, fell ill and died' 'How do you know that?' 'Because I was there when Pak Siong was killed', Pak Karto said. 'I witnessed it all. But I have never told anybody this. Not even my wife and my children know the story of my involvement in the killings. It is a secret that I have long wanted to share with you.' He then, hesitantly, emotionally, related the full account of what he went through in those gruesome months.

*There were other men,
12 in total, and without
much process he was first
cut with the machete over
his head, then across his
face. Then the skin was
ripped from his arms and
his throat slit.*



When Siong was killed, I was 16 years old. It was December 1965, and I was awoken at around 11, by Tasrif (pseudonym). Come on boy, he told me, we are going to get Siong. Tasrif was a school friend of mine; he was slightly older. He was carrying a long machete and was followed by group of young men - all members of Ansor/Banser. I didn't belong to that group, I was still too young and anyway I lived in kampung Lor. Siong was the trainer of the local football team. He was a good looking man of around 26 or 27 and well known in the neighbourhood. He was married but the couple had no children. He was used to be called to meetings of the football team at the office of the lurah, village head. But this time it was very late indeed. He had just fallen asleep when they woke him, calling him to the front of his modest house and inviting him to the meeting. Pak Siong turned around and said that he was in his sleeping clothes, with singlet and sarong and that he had to put on decent clothing. There was no need for that they told him and dragged him by his arms to the office of the lurah. There were other men, 12 in total, and without much process he was first cut with the machete over his head, then across his face. Then the skin was ripped from his arms and his throat slit.

That day Pak Karto hesitantly, crying at times, with us, choking, told the terrible things he witnessed and even joined in, in 1965-1966. He had kept silent all this time, almost 50 years. Nobody from his family had ever known anything about it. He was afraid. He feared that we would now see him as a butcher (*algojo*). That his family would be very upset, and that, once the story would be out, they would be harassed by the Muslim fundamentalists who are their neighbours. That they will be seen as *syirik*, betrayers of Islam. It must be kept between us.

In the months that follow we met him a few more times and again stories were told. One time he said that it was not ibu Siong who was raped and forced to marry the murderer of her husband and her own rapist, as Bu Ning and Bu Parti had understood. That happened to Pak Sanosi, the leader of the Pemuda Rakyat. He was a young man not yet 30 and had a beautiful wife. She was sexy, always neatly dressed, the beauty of the village (*dusun*). Her kain was short, her ankles visible, and she had such an elegant way of walking. The couple had no children. Pak Ansori (pseudonym), a leader of Banser, desired her and got Pak Sanosi killed. Then he married her himself.

A few months later he agreed that his story must be known more widely, but that his anonymity must be preserved. On August 9, 2014 I interview him formally and ask him why and how Pak Siong was murdered and what else happened. The following account is an excerpt of that interview.

Pak Karto: He was a popular man. Both his wife and he were tailors. They had their workplace in their bamboo house, just down the main road from Surabaya to Malang. But Pak Siong had something extra, he was a good football trainer. He was well known for that in Purwodadi. But he only trained members of the PKI or the BTI. He never invited anyone from the Muslim groups to his trainings. So that made them sore. The feeling of unease and jealousy increased because he was Chinese. So three leaders of Ansor/Banser, Pak Taufan (pseudonym), Pak Salim (pseudonym) and Pak Ansori decided to kill him. These men often visited our house. Pak Ansori was a relative, from my (elder) aunt's family. One night, without my parents or my younger siblings knowing anything about it, they told me to join them. I had to carry a large petroleum lamp, for it was pitch dark. There was no electricity at the time.

When we had picked up Pak Siong and had brought him to the office of the kecamatan, he was told: You are a Chinese man and when you give your training you are not fair (*adil*). This is your reward. And he was hit on the head with a knife. He cried out

with pain, fell, rolled on the ground. He was hit on the mouth with a knife, by some one else. Then they stripped the skin and the meat from his body. The knives they used were very sharp. He died immediately. His body was brought to the side of the road, and thrown in the ditch, some 50 meters north from the gate of the kecamatan. There was water flowing in that ditch. His body stayed there till morning. Then Pak Salim, who was a member of the PNI, was told to bury the corpse. He took 4 men with him, including me. We wrapped him in a white cloth. The blood had already dried.

Pak Siong's wife only came to know her husband was murdered the following morning. She remained living in their house, sewing. But around 1986 a man came to her house and demanded her jewellery. She was told not to resist, but she did that anyway, was raped, had to marry the man and later died. I don't know who her attacker was, whether it was a Banser member or not.

After his gruesome night watching Pak Siong getting murdered Pak Karto was 'invited' again to join the gang of murderers. And he was told he would be murdered himself if he refused. For one month he had to join the gang of Ansor/ Banser killers, tasked with carrying the petromax, the big oil lamp to lighten the way and the scene of murder. So from close by he watched what was happening. Every night for at least 30 days in the months of February and March 1966 a truck load of people would arrive, their mouths gagged, their hands tied to their back

by their thumbs. They were sent by the military, from the Koramil office, where some Banser members would join in uploading them on confiscated trucks. They were unloaded from the open truck around midnight, in the middle of the Kebun Raya.

A rivulet runs through the Garden, which makes a large bent - at that spot a big hole had been dug, 5 x 5 metres wide, by 3 metres deep, to build a fish pond. It would never be used for that purpose. The prisoners once unloaded were led to the edge. They were made to kneel and their throats were slit. Sometimes their ears and noses would also be cut off or their genitals. Or their eyes would be gouged out. Thus, hacked to death, they would be thrown forward over the edge, in a row. Their corpses would then be covered with sand, so the next night a fresh batch of prisoners could be murdered.

They would even play games with the ears they had cut off. But Pak Salim, the local leader of the PNI, got really mad. He came home once with the genitals and eyes of one of their victims and ordered his mother to fry them for him, so he could eat them. His mother fainted and so he fried them himself

Pak Ansori and Pak Taufan were the most sadistic, Pak Karto said. They would even play games with the ears they had cut off. But Pak Salim, the local leader of the PNI, got really mad. He came home once with the genitals and eyes of one of their victims and ordered his mother to fry them for him, so he could eat them. His mother fainted and so he fried them himself. The eyes he prepared the way snails are being cooked, and they tasted similar, he later told his friends. They would

also all drink the blood of their victims, to become strong and not let the killings affect them.

Why were all these people murdered, I asked? Had there been serious clashes between the PKI and the NU? Pak Karto: In the run up to the murders the situation was tense in the area but there were no major conflicts. The youth movement of the PKI, the Pemuda Rakyat, was weak. Gerwani and BTI also had followings but there were no clashes in our district of Purwodadi. They were far outnumbered by the youth movement of the NU, the Ansor, and the paramilitary group of the NU and Ansor, Banser.

Banser members were usually older than Ansor members, and more politically conscious. But they often acted together. In this region they often had festivals, where they would march in their uniforms, that of Banser black, with their

sharp knives tucked into their belts. People would watch them pass by in droves, they were so militant and vigorous, with their uniforms resembling those of the kingdom of England, or Holland. Every desa would have their own Ansor group, and they would compete with each other in who were marching in the most tough-looking way. PR and Gerwani were hardly visible. Pak Taufan was a leader of both Ansor and Banser, Pak Ansori only of a banser group.

And then all these radio broadcasts came, that there were troubles in Jakarta. That the PKI had carried out extremist actions, so that all organizations with which the PKI was affiliated must be exterminated (dibumihanguskan). The radio informed us that the PKI was an atheist organization. So all the religious leaders were ready. The military, pangkostrad (ie Suharto), instructed religious leaders, and people from there all layers of the society learnt what they had to do. And of course the Ansor and Banser units immediately followed the instructions from their leaders.

We also heard that Gerwani members had joined in killing the generals, with knives. And that they were dancing and singing the song genjer-genjer. This is actually a song from the region of Banyuwangi, in the eastern part of Java (he sang a few lines). In this region all school children would be able to sing it, it was a very popular song.

*“You are a Chinese man
and when you give your
training you are not fair.
This is your reward”*

And he was hit on the head
with a knife. He cried out
with pain, fell, rolled on the
ground. He was hit on the
mouth with a knife, by some
one else. Then they stripped
the skin and the meat from
his body.

But we learnt all this most directly through the Muslim groups, particularly the kyai. The kyai in the villages immediately called people to large meetings. There would be no military men present, just the kyai, but they were instructed by the military, from the kodim and koramil offices. Koramil members visited these kyai and told them to prepare the Ansor groups (laskar) to defend the nation. The militias were instructed to destroy (dibasmi) all PKI associations in the region. Koramil already had all the names of the leaders who had to be killed. They got these data from the village administrations. Everyone knew where the local PKI groups gathered and who the leaders were.

At that time there were no big demonstrations. The lists were made, the Ansor and Banser groups received their instructions and then silently the people would be abducted. They were all collected in the Koramil office. This started in November. In February the mass killings occurred, in March it was all over. The remaining prisoners, and there were many of them, were brought to the island of Buru. From there nobody ever came back to Purwodadi.

Before they were taken to be murdered or sent away they were all classified, A, B or C. Here in Purwodadi most of them were category C. The category A group was mostly in Jakarta, or at the provincial level. Category C was the lightest category, it was felt that they could still be guided (*dibimbing*), for they still had a family connection and they could still become more religious. So those were saved. That is, they were not abducted, but guarded by Banser (*diawasi terus oleh banser*), on the orders of Koramil. So that they would not revolt. But they were all passive, not dangerous (*dingin*, lit cold). But class B prisoners were the leaders of the branches and they were abducted and brought to the Koramil office. There were category C people there too, because these people were thought to be clever (*cerdas*). These were later released and they had to report to Koramil every week. But if they were category B prisoners they were taken at night. They never came home. They were murdered.

Pak Karto never went back to the Kebun Raya. But he wanted to show us the place. Together we plan a family outing. A niece with her children join us and we set off in our jeep. Pak Karto is dressed in black clothing, symbolizing the evil he witnessed. The niece is dropped at a picknick place and we continue, Pak Karto nervously looking for signs he remembers. We are slowly driving around till Pak Karto cries out: there! That palm tree! That is the border. We get off and descend to the small rivulet, to an open spot surrounded by palm and other trees. A *nisan* (small grave stone) is placed by the side, confirming that this is indeed a grave. We pray for the souls of those who were so brutally murdered there.

KontraS Surabaya and IPT 1965 held a memorial service at the mass grave in the Kebun Raya, offering flowers and prayers on October 4, 2014. Pak Karto passed away on 15 May 2015.

>> SASKIA WIERINGA,

Professor and chair of chair of women's same-sex relations cross-culturally at the University of Amsterdam

JUSTICE NOW

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BHINNEKA / MARCH 2016

Minister, Who Is The Traitor of Indonesia?

Ilustrasi: KOES KOMO

MR. MINISTER, WHO IS THE TRAITOR OF INDONESIA?

{ SOE TJEN MARCHING }

At the International People's Tribunal 1965, held from Nov. 10 till Nov. 13 in The Hague, Indonesian government representatives were conspicuous by their absence -- even though an invitation had been sent to the Indonesian Embassy in the Netherlands a month ahead of time. Their absence, however, has not prevented some of the country's most senior government officials from making rather bold statements about the proceedings and those taking part in them. Indonesian officials have thus been criticizing the tribunal without really knowing what they criticized.

Vice President Jusuf Kalla, for instance, questioned why the IPT 1965 was held in the Netherlands - even though the Dutch in the past were responsible for the deaths of so many Indonesians. The photos of Nursyahbani Katjasungkana (the coordinator of the IPT '65) and Todung Mulya Lubis (the chief prosecutor) are published in several newspapers, and they are considered as the traitors of the nation.

But surely our vice president must know that the people's tribunal in The Hague is independent from the Dutch government. In fact, if you want to take the Dutch government to court, you can also do so in The Hague. This is something that has been done successfully, for instance, in June 2015, a lawsuit was brought against the Dutch government by a group of environmental activists and the verdict was in favour of the activists.

Also, the Dutch themselves were not immune from criticism at the tribunal on 1965, with expert witness Saskia Wieringa pointing out that two universities in the Netherlands, namely the University of Nijmegen and the Free University in Amsterdam, played a role in the mental abuse of victims and supporting New Order propaganda through their collaboration with institutions in Indonesia.

Kalla's effort to try and undermine the IPT 1965 by pointing to the location where it was held simply does not stand to reason. It may temporarily serve its goal of distracting people, but only those who cannot be bothered to investigate the matter further.

Similarly, the country's coordinating minister for political, legal and security affairs, Luhut Panjaitan, has tried to distract the attention away from the core issue by suggesting that Indonesians taking part in IPT 1965 no longer are real Indonesians -- traitors, in effect. The minister also stated that all parties claimed to have been victims of '1965' and that the actual victims may therefore never be known.

Of course this was what the tribunal in The Hague was about: verifying whether the victims' claims were truthful. The people of the IPT did not intend to prosecute anyone, we were just trying to establish what happened in those dark days of the mid-1960s. It was that simple. Therefore it is a pity that no representatives of the Indonesian government attended the proceedings. Sure, there was also the livestreaming online, but sadly the Indonesian military prevented a group of young people in Yogyakarta from watching.

It seems the Indonesian government wanted nobody to hear or see what was going on at the IPT. Could this have something to do with the fabrications contained in the official account of 1965?

The truth can be
frightening for those
who is hiding
the crime



And at the IPT, each of the victims present was questioned several times to get accurate and consistent statements. At a later stage, the victims' statements were cross-checked with the accounts of expert witnesses and activists from different countries. The expert witnesses were academics who had done research on this period. Then, all of their statements were compared with the available documentary evidence.

At the end of the tribunal, the judges concluded that there was strong consistency between the various statements from victims, expert witnesses, activists and the documents. Nevertheless, the judges still have to verify the authenticity of the documents, so the final verdict can only be delivered next year.

So Vice President Kalla, Minister Luhut and other Indonesian officials have spoken too soon. We have not broken the law in The Hague, we tried to uphold it. We were doing this by gathering witnesses, data, documents and other evidence, as well as professional and independent judges. What have Indonesian officials done to investigate this tragedy -- except for labeling as traitors those who were trying hard to reveal the truth about the country's history?

Isn't sustaining a manipulative view of the country's history a form of betrayal as well? And if so, who is really betraying the best interests of the Indonesian people?*

* A shorter version of this article has been published by the Jakarta Globe.







IPT '65 / **INTERNATIONAL** **PEOPLE'S** **TRIBUNAL '65**

The International People's Tribunal Against Human Rights Violations in 1965 Indonesia (IPT '65) was held in The Hague from 10-13 November 2015. The IPT is similar to a formal court but it operates outside the mechanisms of government and formal institutions, such as the United Nations. Its authority comes from the voices of the victims, as well as that of civil society. In this edition, Bhinneka Magazine will publish several testimonies from the Tribunal. The testimonies published are not the exact transcriptions as we have decided to edit them for the sake of readability and clarity.

BRAD SIMPSON'S TESTIMONY AT THE IPT '65:

The Involvement of the U.S Government

Brad Simpson is an Associate Professor of History at the University of Connecticut, USA. On the last day of the IPT '65, the prosecutor called Brad Simpson as a witness.

Prosecutor (P): Can you please tell us why you are here and what you know about the 1965 massacre in Indonesia.

Brad Simpson (B): I am interested in why the USA supported the 1965 mass murder in Indonesia. As you may know, the civil war was supported by the American government and the U.S backed the war against the communists by initiating a military, economic, and political programme. **Eisenhower** directed that programme: the US had to firmly push Indonesia to stigmatise the communists. They provided extensive training for the military and the police in Indonesia. By 1965, 2800 members of the Indonesian officer corps had received training from the US military - this training was provided with the ability to dispatch several lethal groups. So, the US had trained the military to take over the Indonesian state.

P : In the summer of 1964, the US and Indonesia decided to expand operations in Indonesia. What were these operations? Can you explain?

B : In December 1963, the US sent a proposal to Indonesia regarding the British covert operation, aimed at stirring up dissension between different factions in Indonesia, directed from Singapore and Malaysia.

The foreign Ministry was quoted then: *the goal of this operation is to prolong a struggle for power, leading to a civil war or anarchy in Indonesia.*

Edward Peck, the assistant secretary of State in the foreign office, suggests *"there might be much to be said for encouraging a premature PKI coup during Sukarno's lifetime"*.

In October - November 1964, the CIA proposed to use propaganda to stigmatise the PKI as a dangerous group. The CIA would encourage individuals to get ready to take destructive actions against the PKI. In March 1965, the CIA reviewed this plan in order to analyse its success. At that time, the USA decreased its military and economic assistance, to reduce the power of Sukarno. This was done in coordination with the British government in Sulawesi, Northern Sumatra and Kalimantan. In February 1965, the British set up a research department in the Foreign office to prepare and disseminate the propaganda.

Both the American and British officials made it clear that their aim was to provoke the armed forces and the PKI. Many western governments mentioned that the PKI had to carry out a failed coup; therefore, they would provide an excuse for the army to attack.

P : How did the US react to this 30S movement?

B : *(presents slides on the screen)*

They intervened in three ways.

When the 30S broke out, the US and other Western governments were not sure who was responsible, but the US quickly stated that the PKI was responsible. They recognised that although the top committee members might have been responsible, the common members of the party were innocent.

The Lyndon Johnson government established an ad-hoc Indonesian working group; however, one of the members of the Johnson administration said: *"This is a crucial time. This is the opportunity to crush the PKI or we may not have another chance."* Later, the American officials discussed this matter with Nasution.

When the killing was underway in November 1965, the US embassy had heard this.

Early October:

- US establishes back channel contact with the Army
- Establishes ad-hoc working group to coordinate aid to Indonesia

Mid to late October:

- White House officials establish an inter-agency working group to plan for covert aid to the Indonesian military
- General Sukendro makes the first direct attempts for communications equipment and small arms

Early November:

- 30S Committee authorises medical assistance to the Army and to arm Muslims and youth against the PKI
- White House authorises small arms transfers to the Army through Bangkok

Early December:

- The CIA purchases and delivers \$500,000 in communications equipment to the Army from covert supplies and monitors Army communications
- American, Australian, British & New Zealand officials hold secret quadripartite talks to coordinate policy towards Indonesia
- Covert delivery of medicine, small arms and money to the Army

In early January, the Indonesian army was running out of ammunition, so the Swedish government helped to arrange the sale of the required ammunition. Some of the weapons were marked as if they were from the Soviet Union, to obscure the fact that they were from the US.

These weapons were crucial for the army to execute the PKI members. The support provided by the USA was crucial as the US government provided uniforms, cotton and rice. This aid helped the army to take increasingly greater control in Indonesia. The Army had a secret bank account in Geneva, and much of the economic collapse in Indonesia was not merely the result of the on-going economic turmoil, but the action of the army with the help of the US and other Western governments.

In early 1966, the US turned over a list they had compiled to the Indonesian Army. The CIA gave the list to one of the Indonesian Ministers, Adam Malik, who turned it over to Soeharto. However, the Army leaders were worried by the tone of the American propaganda as well, so the US ambassador called for a slow down on propaganda. Marshall Green (the US ambassador then) stated that the US should first set the story of the evilness of the PKI. After that, the Australian media followed the guideline of slowly spreading propaganda against the PKI.

As the massacre started to take place in Indonesia, the US was aware of the extent of the killing. The CIA stated in late November: *"We should avoid being too cynical about the army's motives and its self-interest, or too hesitant about the propriety of extending assistance, provided we can do so covertly and without being embarrassed."*

By the spring of 1966, the Swedish ambassador who travelled to Central Java said that the number killed was too low. Two months later, the US government told Adam Malik that the number 400,000 people who had been murdered was too low. We can assume that the US had no power to stop the killing; however, the evidence suggested the opposite: the US could intervene quite decisively when its interests were threatened.

The Indonesian Army was about to nationalise US companies in the spring of 1965, but the US began sending out alarms and warning them that if the army went ahead with the nationalisation, they would cut off any form of assistance to them.

The US embassy stated: "The Indonesian Army is strongly nationalist and finishing off the PKI would not solve this." The US warned the Indonesian army of the consequences of this kind of nationalism. In September 1966, Soeharto said that attacks against US companies were to cease. US companies and other foreign companies were invited to Indonesia soon after Soeharto was in power.

The US and UK had substantial leverage in this purge.

P : where did you get the cables and information? Can you present this to us?

B : the evidence is publicly available. The archives are available in the National archives in the US and Australia. However, we are lacking access to the signals of intelligence. We know that they were monitoring Indonesian politics at that time.

The concern of the US was never that too many people were killed. I have never read any communication that stated this.

Judge (J) : what was the underlying motivation of the USA?

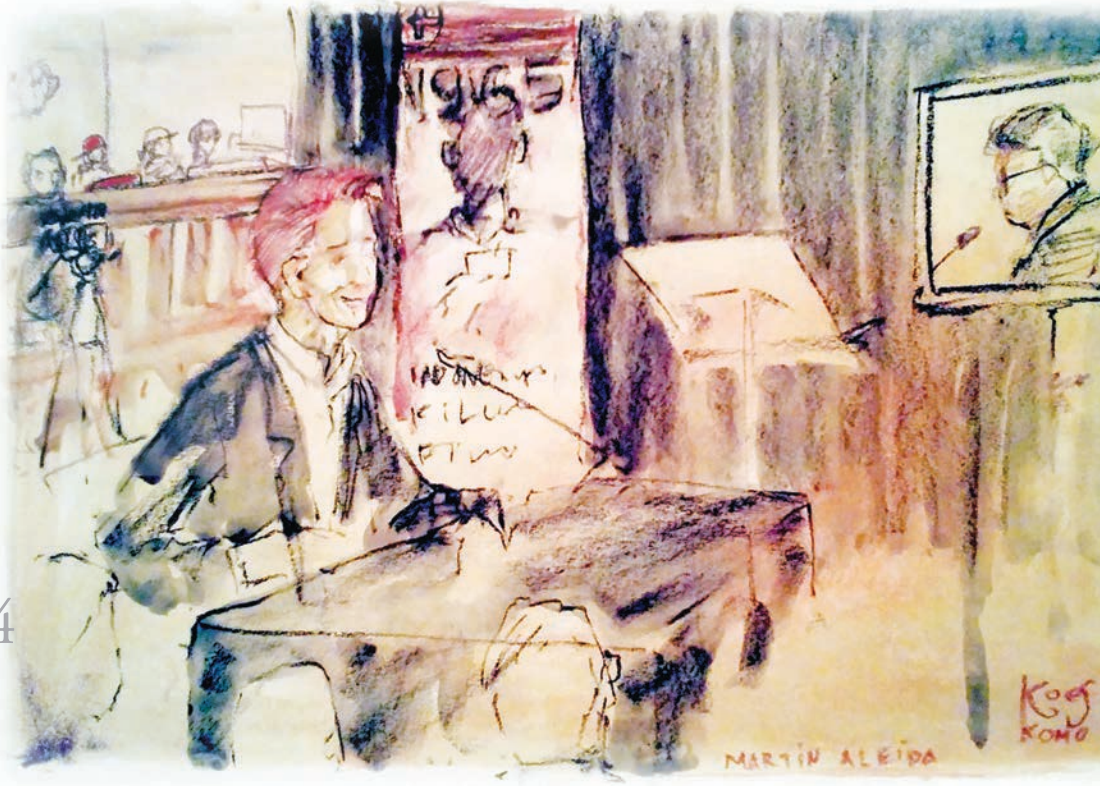
B : The British embassy described Indonesia at that time, to be between the army and the PKI. The British were deeply afraid that their economic interest in Indonesia would be threatened, so they kept an eye on the direction the economy was moving. This was especially the case with oil.

The US saw Indonesia as a great threat. Once the PKI had been destroyed, the CIA said, there was no reason to fight the Vietnam War because the largest country was for the US now. The US and Western officials saw the PKI as the chief obstacle to the reintegration of Indonesia into the regional economy in the western world. The PKI was seen to oppose the policy that the US proposed, for instance, when the US proposed the IMF programme. After the PKI was gone, the US came back with the IMF programme and there was no longer any opposition in Indonesia.

I don't argue that they knew what happened in detail but they contributed to demonising the PKI and legitimating the murders.



Brad Simpson submitted the documents to the prosecutors, who have forwarded to the judges. The judges have been checking the validity of the documents.



MARTIN ALEIDA'S Testimony at the IPT '65

Martin Aleida was not Martin Aleida, but Nurlan - the name given by his beloved parents. However, he decided to change his name. Martin's testimony below will explain why. The name Martin emerged from his admiration for Martin Luther, who was often mentioned by his family (although they are Muslim), while Aleida came from Malay, being an expression of happiness and admiration for someone.

Martin was born in Tanjung Balai, North Sumatra, on 31 December 1943. He was educated at the Academy of Letters at Multatuli University in Jakarta, graduating in 1963, then at Georgetown University in Washington D.C., completing his studies in 1982. Martin Aleida was a Tempo journalist during 1971-1984 and a lecturer of Literature at the Arts Institute in Jakarta (IKJ) in 2010. He has won several literature awards, amongst others the Arts Award from the Ministry of Education and Culture in 2013.

On Wednesday, 11 November 2015, Martin Aleida testified at the IPT '65 in The Hague, Netherlands. Martin was willing to be a witness without hiding his identity, because Martin wanted to fight against the stigma towards the women's left-wing organisation [Gerwani], the Indonesian Communist Party [PKI] and other organisations affiliated to both.

Martin's testimony:

I worked at *Harian Rakyat* [the People's Daily] since 1963, but four of my friends and I were arrested during Operasi Kalong [Operation Bat] under the command of Captain Suroso. The People's Daily was affiliated to the PKI. I believe in the ideology of the left, but I never carried my PKI membership card although I was sworn in as a member of the PKI when I was only 20 years old.

We were placed in a concentration camp located on Budi Kemulyaan street, under the Military District Command 0501. When I entered the camp, there were about 300 prisoners. There were some female prisoners also. My comrade, Njoto, the deputy leader of the PKI, was murdered at the end of November 1965, and his wife, Sutarni, was held captive along with their five children in the kitchen. The smallest of those children was only two months old. In that kitchen there were also several women activists including my girlfriend, who is now my wife.

I was detained together with Putu Oka Sukanta and T Iskandar AS. They were tortured in the interrogation room. Putu Oka Sukanta suffered the most because they were looking for a name, and Putu Oka refused to say any. So he received extraordinary tortures.

Often people were awakened by cries of pain in the middle of the night, and their children were too.

There, I met my editor-in-chief. He was also detained in the same camp as I was. He said, '*Come on, don't worry. I was responsible for this and I will sort this out.*' He sat down, undressed; and I found severe and deep wounds. He was still bleeding.

In the interrogation room, he said, he was told to squat, then he was electrocuted and beaten with a stingray's tail. But a soldier told me that this editor-in-chief never screamed at all no matter how badly he was tortured. After that, he was picked up and put in the kitchen. There he was told to finish a full plate of chili.

I was only imprisoned for less than one year. I do not know why I was released, maybe because I was still young and handsome then. But I believe I was released because in my pocket there were no names. The officers only found the letters from my parents and my girlfriend. I do not know why I was arrested and I do not know why I was released.

*Often people
were awakened
by cries of pain
in the middle of
the night.*



Before I was released, I was ordered to fill in my name, occupation, place and date of birth. Then I wrote down that I was a journalist who covered daily events in Jakarta. Actually, I covered the activities of President Sukarno, but I lied.

Once free, I found a larger prison, rather than just a small cell. The world was like a prison for me then: how could I live? How could I make friends? A journalist, teacher, puppeteer could not go back to their old jobs. My skill is only writing.

Finally I changed my name. My name was not Martin Aleida at that time. My name was actually Nurlan. That name was very important for me, it was a precious gift from my parents, but I had to get rid of it so that I could survive.

I then worked for Tempo magazine, but at work I was interrogated three times by my own best friend, Sartono. He was actually a former member of LEKRA (an Arts organisation affiliated to the PKI). Indeed, many people were not brave enough to face threats, and they became traitors as a result.

I do not know
why I was
arrested and I do
not know why I
was released.



Once, someone from the government also tried to make me become one of their spies. But at that time my duty was covering sport, so I said that I did not know anything about politics. I never regret my choice. Even now, I'm still proud. I still have a goal in life, although others have been condemning me."





INTAN KEMALASARI

One of the witnesses is Intan Kemalasari (pseudonym). She is originally from Kupang - East Nusa Tenggara. Intan testified on 11 November 2015. She decided to witness behind the curtain because the stigma against former political prisoners and their families in her region is still very strong.

This is Intan Kemalasari's testimony:

Please allow me to tell you what happened to me and my family in relation to the 1965 massacre. My father was a farmer but he made an effort to be a teacher, and he was successful; he became a teacher in his village. Then, there was an election of the local parliament, and he was elected. Five years later, he became the leader of the village.

In 1963, my father quit his job and soon after, he became ill. The doctor told him to get treatment in Surabaya, so my father left for Surabaya.

After living for a while in Surabaya, he wanted to go home to get my mother to accompany him. On 27 September 1965, he sailed on a boat from Surabaya to fetch my mother. Meanwhile, there was chaos in our village. One day I wanted to go shopping and because I lived in a secluded area, I had to walk quite a distance. Everything was so quiet. On the way home, one of my neighbours asked me why I was out. They told me about G30S: *"Your brother was arrested and was beaten up. He is in the hospital now."*

I immediately went to the hospital, but he was not there. They said he was in the police station. I went to the police station but the police said I could not meet him and told me to go home. I was persistent and did not want to go home. The head of the police told me that I was disobedient. I was angry with them, but they still would not let me meet my brother.

My father arrived at our village on 2 November and he was immediately arrested by the police. I went straight to the police station to meet my father. Then, I went to the head of the military command. I asked why my father was arrested. They said that my father was a member of the PKI. After that, my mother was also arrested.

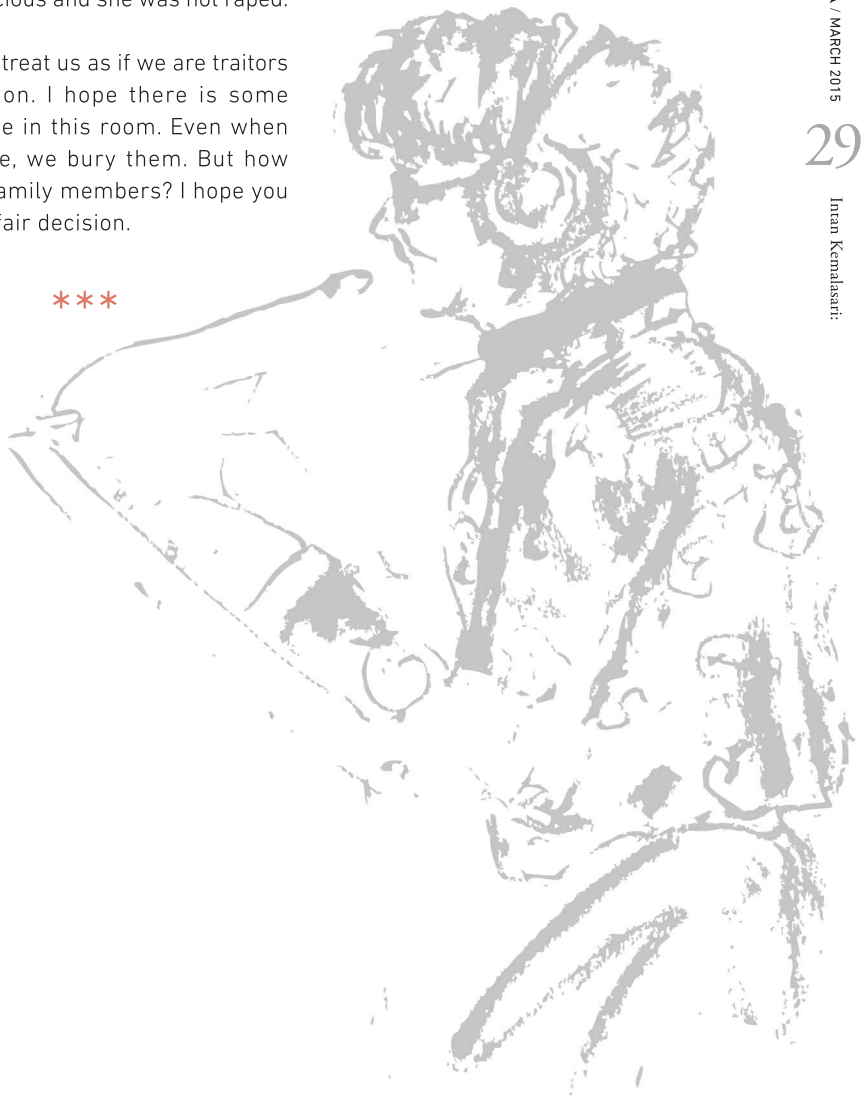
I asked why my father was arrested. They said that my father was a member of the PKI. After that, my mother was also arrested.



A few weeks later, my mother was released from prison but she had to be under house-arrest. A week later, they told me that my father was no longer in the police station. He was in the prison in Kupang, I looked for him to no avail. My father, brother, uncle and cousins - a total of 7 people were arrested and then disappeared. We never knew why they were all arrested.

We never knew whether they were dead or alive, even until now. My younger sister, a lecturer, was also arrested a few years later and imprisoned for 4 years without the knowledge of her family. When she was released, she told me that she was nearly raped but she fell unconscious and she was not raped.

People still treat us as if we are traitors of the nation. I hope there is some justice done in this room. Even when animals die, we bury them. But how about my family members? I hope you can give a fair decision.



THE COMPANY

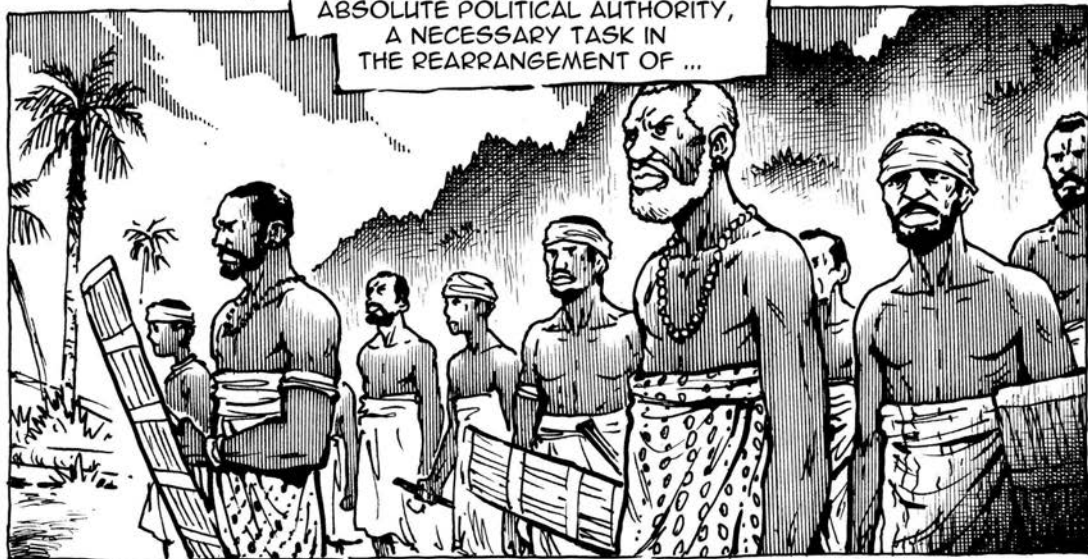
STORY & ART
BY K. JATI



OUR VALUED
TRADE PARTNERS ...

IN LIGHT OF OUR COMPANY'S
DECISION TO IMPOSE
EXCLUSIVITY ON THE TRADE
OF NUTMEGS AND OTHER
COMMODITIES

WE ARE FORCED TO ASSUME
ABSOLUTE POLITICAL AUTHORITY,
A NECESSARY TASK IN
THE REARRANGEMENT OF ...



ANY BREACH OF OUR
TRADE AGREEMENT



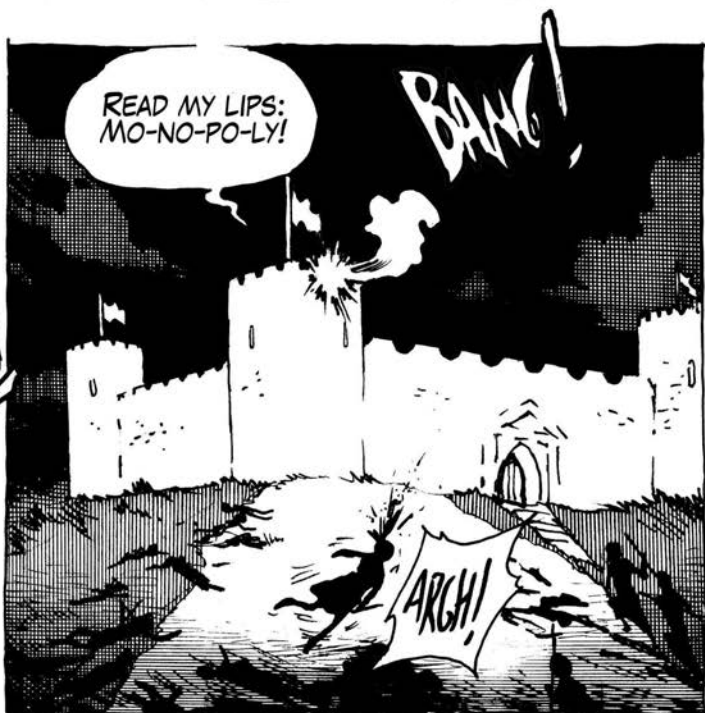
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UNAUTHORIZED SALE BY
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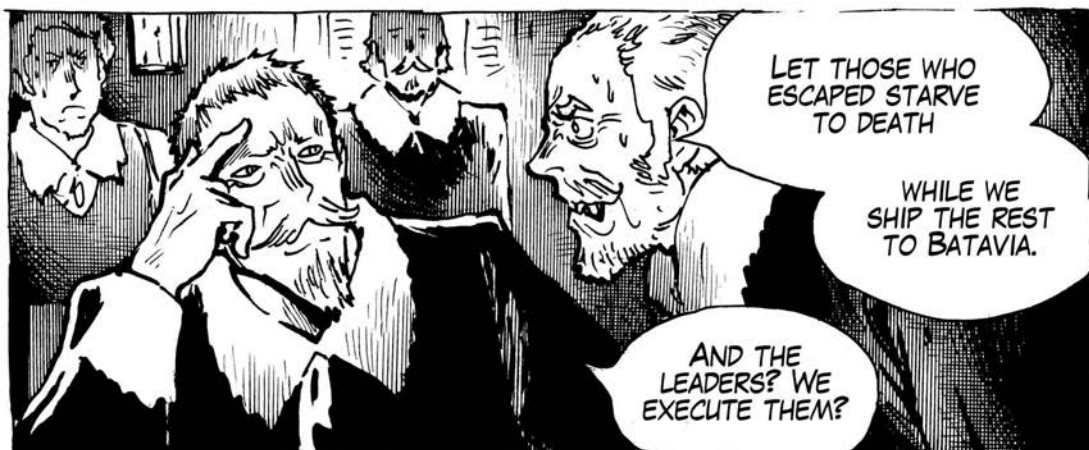
TO AN ILLICIT
THIRD PARTY

PLEASE
TRANSLATE:
"OBEY THIS
ON PAIN OF
DEATH!"

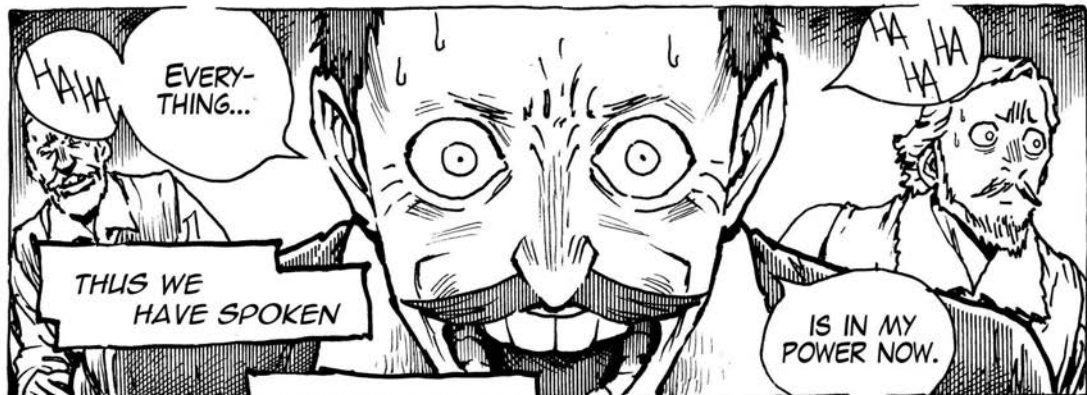














THE VOC, OR THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY
IMPOSED MONOPOLY ON THE NUTMEG TRADE ON
BANDA ISLAND, SO THAT ANYONE EXCEPT FOR
THE DUTCH WOULD BE EXCLUDED

VOC EXERTED ITS WILL ON THE INHABITANTS OF
BANDA THROUGH EXPULSIONS, THREATS
AND SLAVERY

MANY THINGS CHANGED IN INDONESIA AFTER
INDEPENDENCE. BUT THE NEW ORDER GOVERNMENT,
IN EMULATION OF THE DUTCH, STILL ENFORCED STATE
MONOPOLY AND OPPRESSED THE PEOPLE

EVEN NOW SUHARTO'S CRONIES
STILL WIELD GREAT POWER
IN GOVERNMENT

CELEBRATING THE GENOCIDE

{ VERDI ADHANTA }

BHINNEKA / MARET 2016

38

Celebrating The Genocide



Ilustrasi: ANDREAS ISWINARTO

The civilised world has seen genocides and other atrocities alike, so this one may look like just another statistic from a cold, silent and dusty historian's desk. But once you really take a good long look at it, there was one thing made this particular event so bizarre and even more incomprehensible. This would surely be the only genocide that many countries in the world celebrated its success.

In Joshua Oppenheimer's powerful documentary, *The Act of Killing*, there was a filmshoot of a local government-run television program where you could see people cheering for the murder of 2.5 million people. The TV presenter cheerfully laughed at the inhumane torture of thousands of victims and talked about it lightly. The interviewer asked the perpetrator about how he occasionally skipped the torture and killed his victim straight away. His tone was like that of a little girl asking her father for candy. They were actually celebrating the massacre, thinking they were producing a great documentary about what they had done in 1965 so the younger generations would learn and remember.

What was captured in this video immediately begs the question: how is it possible that this kind of dystopic realm of a fictional universe could be imagined by even the best science-fiction writer? Any sane storyteller would at least add a little remorse or a flash of doubt to make their worst antagonist look a bit more three dimensional. And then in an instant, we are shocked by one terrifying realisation that hits us straight in the stomach - this scene was real.

This wasn't a scene about the crew of the Starship Enterprise just surviving a wormhole that took them in a horrifying alternate universe, where their twins were the exact opposite of themselves. Everything in the video happened as it was, with real history, real people, real lives and real victims with real families and descendants. Millions of people suffered and here they were celebrating that event with glee.

'Long Live America,' Mob Shouts

Red HQ Burned in Djakarta

From Cable Dispatches

DJAKARTA, Oct. 8.—Thousands of Moslem youths shouting "Long live America" stormed the headquarters of Indonesia's powerful Communist party (PKI) today and burned it to the ground.

The mob stormed the building shortly after 500,000 people held an anti-Communist rally in Djakarta's main sports stadium.

A Radio Djakarta broadcast said

"the rally was held in a very tense atmosphere" and got out of hand when some of the crowd began to shout: "Kill! Kill! Kill immediately!"

Informed sources said the armed forces simultaneously began a quiet but systematic purge of Communists in their own ranks with an unpublicized series of arrests and summary executions.

The Communists were being openly blamed for aiding in the

attempted coup against President Sukarno last week. The wanted murder of six generals and a lieutenant by the rebels sent tension to the boiling point.

Mr. Sukarno's current status was not known. He had refused to bow to a rising crescendo of demands that he ban the PKI, which with 3 million members is the largest Communist party outside the Soviet Union.

There was an article in the New York Times that praised the Indonesian massacre of 1965 as "A Glimmer of Light in Asia," while the rest of the world chose to stay silent. Economists were busy redrawing maps of commodities, investments and financial channels as new opportunities had just been opened. Politicians restructured their information base on a sphere of geopolitical web of connections and influences. As for the ignorant easily described as common people, it was just a flip on the score board in their own nation's game of cold war against the Reds. It was so easy to cheer and there was no reason to contemplate.

So when the news and other publications clearly showed that somewhere between 500 thousand to 2.5 million people had been massacred, it was probably hard to see beyond it or to grasp what was happening. Those numbers remained as just numbers, without face or name, or anything to relate. They were immediately drowned in a sea of glaring words of victory. "Long live America", shouted the mob who played on their side of the playing field. "We won!"

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"RED SCARE"

The "Red Scare" in the United States during the the fifties was the fear that the communists were at their very doorstep not unlike today's fear of an invasion of "muslim terrorists". History has proven that fear is the most efficient tool to control the ignorant. This particular red scare was more comprehensive and thorough than others. Known as McCarthyism, this full spectrum of social, cultural, and political propaganda was driven by the force behind it, a U.S. Republican senator, named Robert McCarthy.

World War II had just ended and middle class America was just transformed by the rapid growth of suburban life. Boys that just got home from the war received benefits from the U.S. Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944 which gave them a cheaper home, lower interest rates on loans, easier access to education and subvention for the unemployed for a certain period of time.



This created a shift in the U.S culture with a vision of the ideal suburban heterosexual family life. This ideal however did not include those who did not fit in: ethnic minorities, homosexuals, feminists and everyone else in between. With this cultural shift, the conservatives were gaining ground. The era after World War II in the U.S was full of conservative social policies, defining how women should be - feminine but not too sexy and mothers who stay at home and the husbands were the breadwinners.

These stay at home mothers were discouraged from pursuing education or jobs, except of course the black women who could work as maids to white families. White and black people were segregated and homosexuals were painted as immoral beings. Little girls were encouraged to play with dolls and boys with toy cars or uniforms.

Once the U.S. culture became receptive, fear could be easily injected. This is what McCarthyism was all about. So pick a demon - a red flagged enemy with a weird language and strange fashion from a country across the sea with people they'd never met was a perfect fit. From 1950 to 1956, suddenly there was communist hysteria across the U.S and good patriotic citizens were urged to drive them out.

It was strongly felt that the communists had to be chased away from influences of television and movies because Hollywood and Broadway were considered to be financed by the Reds.

Many directors and actors were branded as communists who glorified Marxism, UNESCO (whatever this meant for them back then) and "*One-Worldism*." And if you watched their programs, this was interpreted as aiding Moscow because you let their ideas invade your living room and poison the minds of the young! Union activists, government workers, teachers, filmmakers and artists lost their jobs after accusations of being communists, whether the accusation was proven or not. Those familiar with the Indonesian history from 1965 to 1998 will immediately recognize these tactics and realise where the New Order regime of Soeharto got their ideas.

THE ECHO OF FEAR

Times have changed since the cold war has ended. In most of the western world, the red scare tactics obviously lost strategic advantage with the fall of Soviet Union. The western world of today found new fears. Indonesia in Soeharto's New Order era was like a clone of the U.S. in the Red Scare era, but with the added intensity and success that a U.S. McCharthyist could only dream of achieving. U.S. McCharthyism could never have managed to kill 2.5 million people and get away with it.

So pick a demon - a red flagged enemy with a weird language and strange fashion from a country across the sea with people they'd never met was a perfect fit.



An explanation from Joshua Oppenheimer nails it: Post-1965 Indonesia is what Germany would have been if Hitler had won World War II. The fact remains that millions of people were massacred and the perpetrators not only got away with it but many still hold important positions even to this day.

Mirroring the U.S. during the red scare era, Indonesia also saw the destruction of progressive women's groups like Gerwani (Indonesian Women's Movement affiliated to the communist party), only to get replaced with a conservative version. Soeharto created Dharma Wanita organisation for the wives of the civil servants that portrayed ideal women as good mothers and wives (similar to the ideals of the American women in the red scare era).

The feminist movement in the west managed to grow and challenge the patriarchal sub-structure that held the very foundation of conformist society which McCarthyism relied on to maintain the scared culture. This new movement deprived men of their once held power relations that benefited male gender structurally. The voting power of women managed to shift priorities and showed that the once weak and vulnerable became more equal and the old fear was no longer shared by half of the citizenry. The democratisation of information brought on by the internet further deconstructed the old power structure.

For the western world, the Red Scare seems to have come to an end but many writers, historians, scholars, human rights activists, filmmakers and others have discovered what happened in Indonesia and how their own nation may have had an influence in this tragic massacre. Books and articles have been written about this incident and more activists have been raising awareness in recent years. Thanks to them, the eyes of the world have begun to see and recognise this forgotten genocide.

Even after the fall of Soeharto, the perpetrators managed to cling to power, conducted more atrocities and still got away with it.



Indonesia continues to struggle accepting the 1965 mass-murder as an atrocity allowing te murder of their people who were accused of being communists. Even after the fall of Soeharto, the perpetrators managed to cling to power, conducted more atrocities and still got away with it. This created a culture of impunity and ignorance. Thus, in Joshua Oppenheimer's *The Act of Killing*, you will see people celebrating the act of genocide. They fail to see that the genocide of millions of people is a crime because they still hear the echo of fear and thus are deaf to the voice of reason.

SHORT STORY

STARS

{ Nada Holland }



{ Tomi }

Spring 1965, Nolo, a market village near Surabaya, East Java.

'Bung Karno, our President, grew up barefoot, like you and me', Tommy's father points at his peasant feet, rough and calloused in the dark on the dust floor. 'And yet Brother Karno . . .', Tommy's father takes the suitcase from the top of the wall, where it sits perched under the palm leaf roof, 'has met Marilyn Monroe.'

The gas lamp sputters. Tommy's father blows on the case. More dust.

Twelve year-old Tommy can only see before him the famous actress. The blonde candy-floss smile, more mysterious, more bewitching, more alluring than all the Virgins tending to the Prophet Mohammed in Heaven. His father is still talking about Bung Karno, the President, and the President's lady friends. More accurately, the President and his thoughts about ladies, some rant about the brown man conquering the white by conquering his woman, but Tommy isn't really listening. Bung Karno knows a star!

BUNG KARNO IS A STAR

All Tommy sees in his mind's eye now, as his father continues talking and dusting off the old suitcase, is Bung Karno and Marilyn on the silver screen together, singing and dancing, Marilyn's lovely legs click-clacking in patent pumps; lovely bones covered in plump flesh and diamonds and lace. Dancing and singing: Bung Karno smiling in his white suit, his dark glasses, his black pitji, that trademark little hat.

Or whatever, Tommy really isn't listening too closely, as his father continues to talk about non-alignment: Nasser, Nehru, Tito, Belgrade. About Bung Karno, Bandung, Indonesia, heading the countries who will choose to sit in the Cold War's cool little heart, neither binding themselves to Moscow nor to the United States.

The world is like a house, like a family, his father with his hollow cheeks, his missing teeth, is explaining. *"The Man at the head talks to his squabbling children. Listens to one side, listens to the other. Lets each side give a little, take a little. Bung Karno is that father."*

Tommy nods. Now he is listening.

'Musyawarah, deliberation. Consensus. That's the Javanese way', his father says, setting down the little case with his thin brown arms. He wears an old white vest, a faded sarung, then bony ankles, bare feet. 'Same for Indonesia', his father explains, sticking out his left arm. 'Here we have the Communists, the PKI, pulling on one side.' He leans left. 'There we have the Army', he leans right now, as if the Army is tugging at his other arm, 'The Generals who want us to go with Amerika . . .'

His father straightens. *'Bung Karno in the middle. Consensus.'* Tommy nods. *'When Karno was in Amerika, they had the Cuba Crisis. Nuclear war'*, Tommy's father is saying. *'Bung went to the White House. He said, no talking in the room, or in the garden. Not safe. They went to Pak Kennedy's bedroom! There, Bung said he'd make Pak Kennedy talk to Pak Khrushchev. About Cuba.'* Tommy nods. His father is shaking. *'Bung Karno saved the planet!'*

It's very late. Tommy has no bedtime, just nods off at some point like Tuti, his mother, but it's unusual for his father to speak to Tommy in the evenings. It's as if his father is trying to tell him something, keeping him up, keeping him close, and Tommy too doesn't want to let go, though he is nodding and nodding at his father with a head increasingly heavy on his small shoulders.

'In the kampung, the village . . .', his father is saying, *'We have the landowners..'*, he sticks out his right arm, leans right in his faded peasant sarung, as if being pulled at. *'And the little farmers . . .'*, he leans left, *'arguing over the land.'*

Tommy nods again. His father stands up straight. *'Bung Karno in the middle. Bung listens to both sides. Then makes the new Land-Reform Law.'*

'Ah', Tommy says. *'Gitu. Like that.'* *'Gitu'*, his father nods. *'Like that.'*

Bung Karno, our
President, grew up
barefoot, like you
and me

”

'And then?'

His father leans right. *'Landowners ignore the new law. District Police, Koramil, protect them.'* He leans right further. *'Kampung lapar. Hungry.'*

'..And then..?'

'Communist help. One-Sided Actions', his father leans left. *'Kampung take the land.'*

He wakes early, the dream still vivid, his father in Bung Karno's suit. Tommy, half-waking, half dreaming still, worries the suit won't fit, hears the crick-crack of his father's bones, his creaking knee-joints. He needs to find his father an egg. Tommy doesn't know much about food, but he knows about knee-joints and egg-white. Everyone does. The knees are where a man's sperma, his life-juice, is made. From egg-white. Flush young men will order an egg, half-boiled, by the roadside, and eat it standing up, to show off their manhood. If they really want to prove the point, they'll chuck the yolk. Then order another.

Tommy has no money. He can't go to the roadside stand near the market, nor to the Chinese Toko, where they sell eggs. But he knows he might get an egg from one of the neighbours with chickens. Most Nolo poultry has gone in the months of hunger surrounding the '65 One-Sided Actions, but Tommy knows the local District Policeman's old father still has chickens. He can go and ask for an egg. That too is the Javanese way, gotong royong. Mutual aid.

Tommy's own joints are soundless, supple as a lizard's, as he slips out the window at crack of dawn, careful not to wake his father. Tommy smiles as he slides down the windowsill, remembering his dream. He could be a dancer himself. Up on a stage, on a screen. A star, like Bung Karno. He knows all the martial ballets from the Mahabharata . . . here he shimmies out the yard, a shadow-puppet himself.

The old neighbour is still saying his prayers. Tough little chickens peck at the cracked earth.

Tommy taps his toe in the doorway, doesn't speak. In daylight, in his patched shorts and t-shirt, he's thin as a snake, as thin in fact as his father. He's been growing his hair, over his ears, down his neck, in the style of the stars. In his frayed shirt and bare feet, the long black locks, like fine, glistening threads, are the one thing connecting him still to the power, the glory, of his dream.

The neighbour gets up, dusts off after his prayers, invites little Tommy out into the yard.

'Pak!', Tommy rushes, 'An egg please.' The old neighbour looks him up and down, looks at his own little chickens, indicates a palm-leaf mat on the concrete. 'Sit down first, son, he says at last.

Tommy squats down beside the neighbour on the floor. Together they watch the chickens. The neighbour doesn't speak.

'How is your father?', the man says at last. 'Bagus, good', Tommy nods. 'And how's Tuti, your mother?' 'Good too.' 'She's a good woman, your mother. Quiet. Doesn't deserve all the trouble.'

Tommy shakes his head. 'Pretty, too', the man says. 'Manis. Sweet.' He looks up. 'You know my son? Military District Police Officer Kuat?'

Tommy nods respectfully. Everyone knows about young Officer Kuat.

'When Tuti was little, even Kuat had an eye on her', the neighbour sighs. 'Modest girl. Not one of those politik women . . .', he nods somewhere in the distance, 'Those harridans out in the street, shouting about things.. Polygamy. Illiteracy. They want . . .', the old man gestures with his hand, 'to read and write.'

Tommy bites his lip. The idea of his mother with a book makes him giggle.

'Shout One man, One wife' the neighbour chuckles now, too. 'Complain about the President's wives. Want to improve the Law of the Prophet.' Tommy chuckles politely. The old man is losing him a bit. They watch the chickens.

'Manis', the man repeats, 'Sweet, your mother. No man wants to come home to someone who talks back. Your father better watch out. Plenty of men willing to look after her.' He gazes at a little hen, and mutters, 'Even the President has good taste in wives. Married a Japanese now, we hear. Dewi.' He yawns. 'A fine little stable.'

Tommy nods. Nothing happens for a long while. 'And how's the baby?', the neighbour asks at last. The baby? Oh right, the baby. Tommy keeps forgetting about her. 'She's fine, too.' 'Good', the neighbour nods. 'And Tuti has enough food?' Tommy nods. 'The egg, please', he adds, seizing the chance to speed things up a little. 'Ya, ya', the neighbour nods. Tommy waits. The neighbour smiles pleasantly, as he continues to watch the chickens. After five minutes, Tommy stretches his legs, yawns.

'Patience', the neighbour smiles. Tommy nods. He worries his father will start missing him soon and come looking. The egg needs to be a surprise. Briefly, he recalls the suitcase, shrugs off the thought. Ten more minutes pass. Fifteen. The neighbour seems to have gone to sleep. Tommy scrapes his throat. 'Pak', he says, 'About the egg'

The neighbour startles, and yawns. 'Ya, ya', he repeats. 'Patience, ya. We are waiting chicken.'



{ Fitri }

Four months later, ten-year-old Fitri follows her mother around the market in Nolo. It's afternoon and the first food vendors are starting to pack up, but Fitri's basket already contains a small bag of rice, some tomatoes, tofu, and chillies. Hati and she are done food-shopping. Still Fitri follows her mother around, among the waste piling up on the floor along the gutters.

Hati stops in front of the covered Chinese Toko at the corner of the market. 'I'll go in to get some tinsel for head decorations', she says. 'You wait out here.'

Fitri nods. The Chinese Toko has a small, glass window where she can look in. They sell food but also pristine notebooks, pens, markers, even paint and brushes. Fitri can see all kinds of paper, fabric, ribbons, lace. In the small window, a pair of polished two-tone men's brogues is displayed. At the back of the shop, her mother Hati is picking gold tinsel for her dancers' costumes. By the counter, a Military Police officer in uniform is ordering the Chinese owner to take down paper-wrapped dresses from the shelves.

Next to Fitri, a longhaired teen has joined her outside the Toko. He is also gazing in. Fitri watches him stare at the two-tone shoes, then glance up at a small transistor radio in the window. She too feels a pang of longing for the smooth metal object with the little dial. It's hard to believe it could produce music-and-dance, on the go, from nothing but air, like a dragonfly somehow, so airborne and light.

Inside, before the counter, the police officer has chosen a dress for a thin woman beside him. The woman is filigree pretty, but looks undernourished and drab. Fitri studies the officer through the window as he gestures the shop-owner to wrap up the garment. It's Officer Kuat from Koramil, the Nolo Military District Police: Fitri has seen him in school: he came in to talk about the One-Sided Actions, about the need to get rid of the 'reds', the peasants squatting the land.



Inside the shop, the thin woman next to officer Kuat doesn't look at the Chinese owner as she takes her package and follows Kuat to the door. The woman halts, stares at the longhaired boy, then quickly back down at the floor. She doesn't move. The boy stares back at her, says nothing. *'Tuti!'* Kuat says, but the woman seems frozen before the teen. *'What do you want?'* Kuat says at last, looking from the woman to the boy, *'Siapa kamu? Who are you?'*

'Teen Boy, pak. Anaknya', Teen Boy answers, nodding at the woman. *'Her son.'* The woman nods, whispers, *'Tommy . . . 'Gitu'*, nods Kuat at the boy, slowly. He pauses. *'So . . .'*, he whistles at Teen Boy, and lights a kretek. *'Tommy. Are you a red like your father?'*

The boy shakes his head, spits on the floor. *'He's nothing, pak, a traitor. He left.'* *'Good boy'*, nods Kuat, exhaling a cloud of smoke at the teen. *'Teen Boy, ya?'* He studies the boy, who still hasn't moved out of his way. *'What do you want?'*

Teen Boy doesn't respond. He is very skinny, barefoot in shorts. Kuat looks at the boy, and back at the Toko window. Teen Boy too glares in, at the small radio. Then back at his bare toes. *'Ah'*, says Kuat. *'Wait here.'* Kuat reenters the shop.

Fitri watches the owner come to the window, remove the items on display. Inside, Hati is still waiting to be served. Outside, beside Teen Boy and his mother, Fitri waits under the now empty window. Seconds later, Kuat comes back out, with the pair of two-tone shoes, and the radio. Teen Boy grabs the radio, and the shoes. He looks from one trophy to the other, finally hands over the transistor to his mother and squats down on the dirty concrete, wipes the grime from his toes, stuffs his callused feet into the shoes, plucks at the laces with clumsy fingers.

His mother watches in silence. Squats down in front of the boy, holding the radio and her own bundle in her lap, and starts tying the laces. Her fingers are thin and nimble, yet she also struggles with the unfamiliar things. Impatiently, the boy gets up in his new shoes, takes a step, laces trailing. *'Come here'*, says Kuat. He gestures at the door of the Toko. Teen Boy glances in uncertainly. *'Go in'*, says Kuat. The boy still hesitates. *'Don't worry about them, they're Chinese, filthy commies'*, Kuat says, *'They do as I say.'* Kuat enters. The boy follows him in. Through the window, Fitri watches Kuat order the owner to sit Teen Boy on a chair, and to teach him to tie his laces.

Outside, the boy's mother waits with her packages. She doesn't look at Fitri, nor at the market-goers passing, baskets on their heads, the vendors crating their chickens back up for the long trip homewards on foot. The prayer-call sounds from the mosque. Fitri looks away from the woman, from the window, from the Toko, from her own mother inside waiting in silence, like the Chinese owner, for Kuat to move safely out the door.

Fitri stares instead at the greasy banana leaves scattered across the concrete floor of the market, dogs lapping at left-over grains of rice. Ten minutes later, Hati finally appears from the shop. She carries her own parcel, wrapped in brown paper. Fitri picks up the basket with food. They walk back home, under the fronds of the palm trees lining the Nolo road back to their own kampung. They don't speak.

When they pass the field of the State Competition, they exchange glances. A large sign announces the event next week. Fitri brightens. *'Can I see the tinsel? 'When we get home. 'They don't talk for another half-mile. 'Orang Koramil itu', Fitri starts finally, 'That Koramil man, did he pay for those things?' Her mother shakes her head. 'And then he just gave them away to that boy?' Hati nods. Fitri continues, 'And to the mother?' Hati nods again, her jaw tight. 'Why?' Hati just shakes her head, 'Just hush.' 'Why was the Koramil man with that boy's mother?' 'Aduh, shush! Susah', Hati sighs. 'Too complicated.'*

Fitri doesn't want to ask things that will upset her mother, so she tries to not say anything for another while. Then says exactly what she tried not to mention all along. *'Did daddy have to leave too because we are reds?'*

Hati doesn't answer. Grabs her package tighter, glances over her shoulder, back at Nolo. Fitri tries to think of something more cheerful, to say. *'Will we get a radio too?'*

Her mother gives her such a hard look that Fitri says nothing at all for the next two miles. Then Hati bends over and takes the basket from her. *'Hush, sweetheart. Forget about that officer. I am not that lady. And that boy is nothing like you.'*



{ Tomi }

It's '75 and twenty-two year old Tommy still has an aversion to eggs. He sits in front of his little kampung shack, more precarious even than his father's ever was. Tommy has built it with his own hands, brick by brick, gotong royong, Javanese style, the neighbours all weighing in. They got the whole thing up in two days. New neighbours. Tommy no longer lives in Nolo. (Neither does his father, not since that dawn with the dream of Marilyn Monroe, of Tommy's father in Bung Karno's suit, all those years ago. But that's a different story.)

Tommy spits at the cracked earth in his yard. He should be planting something. Food, for his own, still-new wife, the sixteen year old sleeping inside, who seems to have no other interest these days than food. Eating and sleeping. Is getting fat, too. Already. He wonders what's wrong with her. Then remembers. Oh god. He keeps forgetting about that baby. Has no clue even when she is due.

He stares at the beam in the middle of his house, holding up the roof. It leans to the left, and has an odd joint in the middle. He can just hear it creaking.

In a flash, he's back in Spring '65: sees his father, wide-armed, both ends pulled at, the Army, the Military District Police, on the right; the Communists, the *'reds'*, on the left.

His father in Bung Karno's white suit, Bung's pitji, in the middle. But tilting to the left. Tilting. Tilting. The Father of the World. Crick-crack. Toppling over.



Tommy stares at the beam holding up his own house. He can't remember which part of the vision he's having is the dream; which is memory, which is real. He gets up, goes out into the yard: slowly, starts to dance. Mahabharata, the heroic Javanese epic; the Triumph of Good over Evil.

But as always, there's something lacking in his dancing. He will convince no one as a hero, not even himself. He still moves like a lizard, smooth as oil. Soundless. But there's no goodness, no warmth. Like eggs, he dislikes warmth. Anything that reminds him of that night with his father. Reminds him of that following dawn. Of when he'd finally brought home-after waiting for hours for the hens to lay-his surprise. Still warm. Finding the floor empty, the suitcase gone.

The Military District Police Officer had soon after taken Tommy's mother, Tuti, under his wing. By then, Teen Boy had hated the One-Sided Actions, the reds, Bung Karno, as much as Kuat had. But most of all he'd hated his father, slipping away like that in the night.

As far as Tommy knows, Officer Kuat never actually did marry Tuti. But after the Army had toppled Bung Karno-and the 'reds', the Chinese, of Nolo had all been hacked up and thrown in the river-Officer Kuat did give Tuti the market-town's one proper shop, the Chinese Toko.

By then, Tommy had slid away from Nolo to find new, less dead, neighbours; make new friends. He'd acquired that quicksilver shadowiness, which even now propels his dance.

Here they are, the new friends. Three. Practically neighbours. Dancers, pencak fighters, just like Tommy. Married, like Tommy, to teenage wives who've grown dull and unresponsive the moment they tied the knot. The boys hang out and dance and practise martial arts together.

This afternoon, the friends squat down on Tommy's rough concrete porch. One throws a packet of Dji Sam Soe on the floor before them, gotong royong-style, and they each take one and light up.

Tommy shouts for his wife to bring them some tea. No answer. '*Pregnant*', they all shrug. '*Sleepy*.' They sit and stare at the cracked earth of the yard. Two are brothers called Bela. '*There's a State dance Competition in Surabaya*', the youngest Bela offers. '*Want to Join?*' '*Can't*', Tommy shakes his head. '*Why not?*' '*Sudah. Already. Was last month*.' '*Ah*', the boys all nod. Tommy exhales a trail of clove-scented smoke. '*There's one coming up in Bali*.' '*Bali?*' '*Ah. Gitu*', one of the boys says. They sit in silence. Bali's a different island. The next one east. Far. '*How to get there?*' Tommy draws on his kretek. '*Take a boat*.' '*A boat*.' Silence. '*Don't they dance the Barong?*' They let this sink in a moment. '*Those Barong dudes are killers*', someone offers. The boys all nod. The youngest Bela brother sighs, '*Those guys drink blood*.'

It's true. Barong dancers are hantu, haunted. People tell all kinds of tales. Those Bali dudes, with their krises, their blades, have more blood on their hands, on their lips, than even they do. Tameng. Mass-murderers. Tommy'd be surprised if there was a Communist left alive on the island. He recalls, out of the blue, the face of the first woman he himself had tasted. One of those One man, One wife-types. Interestingly though, a dancer, too, just like Tommy. On a stage. She'd been in a competition. There'd been a dancer, he muses, a stage, even then.

Not Barong, though, Tommy sighs. Those guys are killers. They drink blood. The friends sit and gaze out into the yard. From among the cassava hedge, a neighbour's scrawny hen pecks its way into Tommy's garden. *'We don't really need a competition'*, someone offers. They all nod, staring out at the yard.

Tommy calls again for tea. Someone lights another kretek, getting them all started again. At this rate, they'll be out of fags before the wife even wakes. Not that the other wives are any better. How did those girls all get knocked up together? It's like some hantu gang-bang has taken place, right under their eyes. God knows what they'll all give birth to. The lone chicken pecks its way around the yard in the burning sun. A single stunted papaya tree offers no shade at all.



2010. Tommy, sitting in the VIP lounge brings out a kretek. Throws the packet, the lighter on the table. He waits for someone to pick them up, take a fag too, gotong royong-style, offer Tommy a light, but there's no one. He is, at last, Tommy guesses, too famous.

To wash the stench of death from their hands—the taste of blood, the hunger-people chase either money, he thinks, or women, or fame. One of the three, usually. Tommy has always gone for fame. But now that there's no one left to share his kreteks, he wonders about his friends.

He wonders if life really is about friends. Or maybe neighbours. Gotong royong. Mutual aid. His kretek is still unlit. He bends over to pick up the lighter himself. Feels his knee-joints creak. Suddenly, he pictures his own old father, back in '65, explaining something about the village, or the country, the planet even, Tommy forgets what. Something about women? He can't remember. Just sees his old father, barefoot, in his faded old sarung, both arms stretched out, one to the right, one to the left. Leaning over to the left. Tilting. Tilting. The Father of the World. Toppling over.

What had all that been about? For the life of him, Tommy cannot remember. It had something to do with Marilyn Monroe, he seems to recall. Cuba? Cold war? Nuclear war? It's all so long ago now. It had to do with money, Tommy knows that much.

Money, women, fame. Always one of those three. To get away from your hunger, your anger. Your shame.



THE BUSINESS

BEHIND HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS

Ap. Kusy - 16

INDONESIA, AFTER THE 1965 MASSACRES,
A SYSTEMATIC GENOCIDE AGAINST PKI* SYMPATHIZERS
WAS CARRIED OUT.

AS A RESULT, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BECAME VICTIMS
OF VIOLENCE UNDER THE NEWLY INSTATED GOVERNMENT.



IS THIS TRULY A FIGHT BETWEEN IDEOLOGIES?
IT SEEMS THERE'S ANOTHER FIGHT GOING ON

...A FIGHT RELATED TO BUSINESS

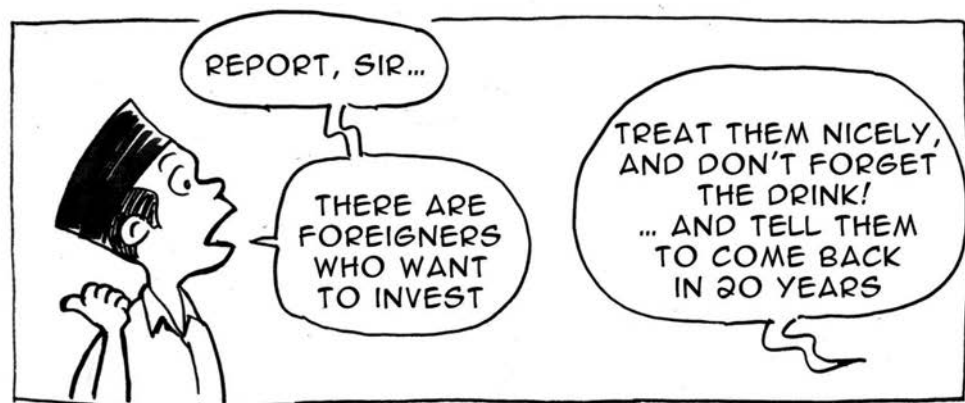
*PKI: The Indonesian Communist Party

THE EVIDENCE CAN BE FOUND
IN THE FACTS FROM BEFORE AND AFTER THE TRAGEDY.
CAN YOU SPOT THE DIFFERENT?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED
A FEW YEARS BEFOREHAND.



IN 1961, PRESIDENT SUKARNO INITIATED A NEW POLICY:
ALL FOREIGN OIL AND GAS MINES ARE REQUIRED TO
SET ASIDE AT LEAST 60% OF THEIR STOCKS
FOR THE GOVERNMENT.



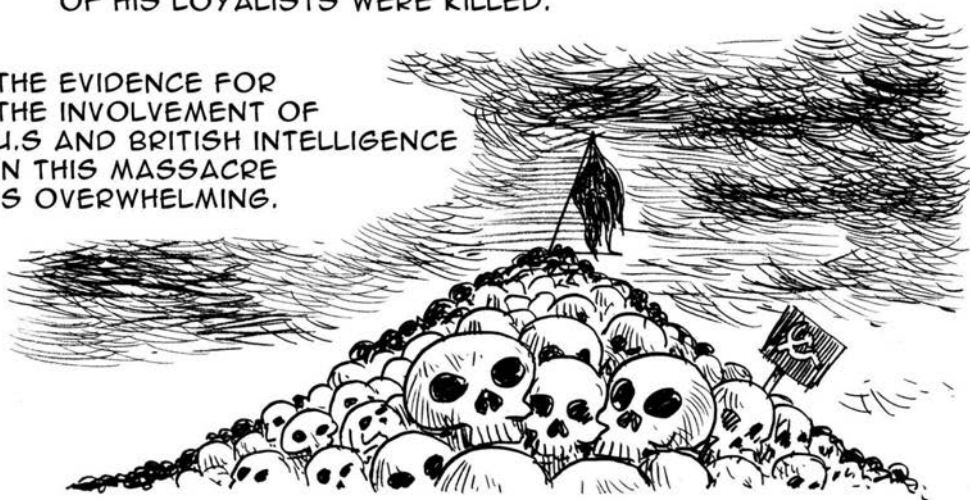
IN THE 60S, SUKARNO DENIED FOREIGN INVESTORS
THAT WERE LOOKING TO EXPLOIT THE MINING POTENTIAL
OF PAPUA. HE SAID THAT FOREIGN INVESTORS WERE
ONLY ALLOWED TO INVEST IN INDONESIA ONCE IT WAS READY;
THAT IS, WHEN IT ALREADY HAD A DEEP KNOWLEDGE OF
ITS OWN RESOURCES AND WAS CAPABLE OF HARNESSING THEM

THESE POLICIES WERE HATED BY CAPITALISTS.
THIS IS WHY THEY MADE SUCH A BIG FUSS ABOUT NATIONS
WITH A LOT OF POTENTIAL BUT WERE ALL ABOUT THE PEOPLE
(READ: LEFTIST).
HEADS OF STATES WHO WERE HARD TO CONVINCE
SHOULD SIMPLY BE ELIMINATED.



IN SHORT, SUKARNO WAS TAKEN DOWN AND MILLIONS
OF HIS LOYALISTS WERE KILLED.

THE EVIDENCE FOR
THE INVOLVEMENT OF
U.S AND BRITISH INTELLIGENCE
IN THIS MASSACRE
IS OVERWHELMING.

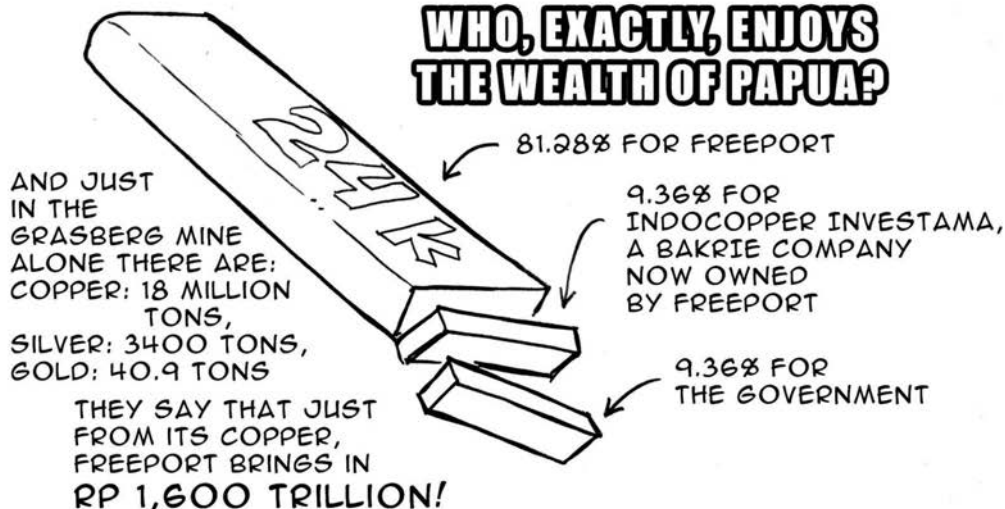


WITHIN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE NEW PRESIDENT'S REIGN,
A NEW LAW WAS PASSED THAT FREED FOREIGN INVESTORS
TO EXPLOIT THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF INDONESIA.



FROM THE MANY NATURAL RESOURCES THAT WERE EXPLOITED
BY FOREIGN COMPANIES, LET'S NOW FOCUS ON PAPUA'S RESOURCES

WHO, EXACTLY, ENJOYS THE WEALTH OF PAPUA?



IF THIS WAS GIVEN OUT TO THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF PAPUA,
EVERY SINGLE PERSON WOULD RECEIVE 6 BILLION RUPIAH!
AND THAT'S JUST FROM THE COPPER!

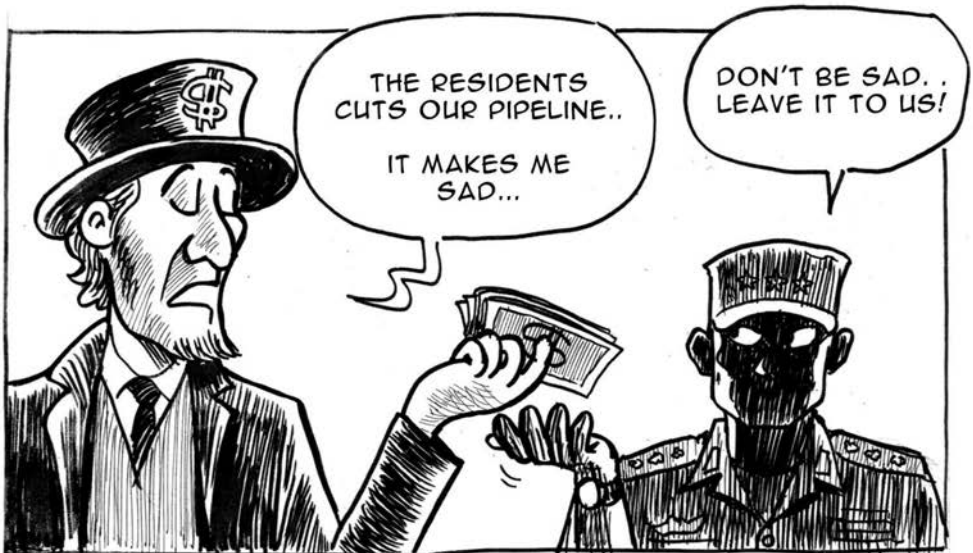
NOW COMPARE THAT TO THE REALITY OF HOW
THESE PEOPLE LIVE.

AS DO MOST OTHER FOREIGN BUSINESSES THAT OPERATE HERE, FREEPORT ALSO WORKS TOGETHER WITH THE INDONESIAN MILITARY AND THE NATIONAL POLICE TO MAINTAIN THEIR SECURITY SERVICES. WHILST GUARDING FREEPORT'S ASSETS, THE AUTHORITIES PRONE TO BECOMING VIOLENT TOWARDS LOCALS, AND HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS ARE A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.



THE FEELING THAT THEY HAVE NOT BEEN TREATED RIGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT, LEAD THE RESIDENTS OF PAPUA TO ANGER. THEY ARE THE RIGHTFUL HEIRS OF THE RICHEST ISLAND IN INDONESIA. AND YET, THEIR QUALITY OF LIFE IS THE WORST IN THE COUNTRY - A FACT THAT IS HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

AT THE TOP OF THEIR ANGER IN 1977, THEY DO A SABOTAGE.



THE INDONESIAN MILITARY WERE VERY HARSH IN PUNISHING THE PROTESTERS. ONE SOURCE EVEN SAYS THE SOLDIERS FIRED OFF MORTAR BOMBS THAT RAINED DOWN OVER THE VILLAGES. THOSE WHO DARED TO COME CLOSE WERE SHOT ON SIGHT.

HELLO... ANYONE
STILL ALIVE?
IF THERE IS,
STOP MISBEHAVING,
OK?!



VOILENT ACT UPON VIOLENT ACTS CONTINUED TO PERSIST. IN OCTOBER 1994, A FREEPORT WORKER WAS FOUND DEAD. INDONESIA MILITARY IMMEDIATELY RETALIATED BY MURDERING DOZENS OF CITIZENS.

ON THIS LAND RICH WITH GOLD, HUMAN LIFE IS IRONICALLY CHEAP. MURDER, RAPE, TORTURE ARE ALL EVERYDAY OCCURANCES.



"... WE, THE MOTHERS OF WEST PAPUA, ARE TIRED! WHY WOULD GOD CREATE US WOMEN JUST SO WE COULD CONCEIVE, GIVE BIRTH, AND PUT IN THE HARD WORK TO RAISE OUR KIDS - KIDS WHO END UP KILLED LIKE ANIMALS BY THE INDONESIA MILITARY? IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR US IF GOD JUST TOOK AWAY OUR WOMBS!"

(ESTER EISYEGAME,
IN THE DOCUMENTARY MOVIE
"WEST PAPUA - THE SECRET WAR
OF ASIA")

Art by [signature] - 16

THE PEOPLE BECOME MORE AND MORE ANGRY.
WISHING THAT VIOLENCE COULD DISCOURAGE THEM
WAS A FOOLISH IDEA.

TIMIKA RIOTS, 1996

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
PROTEST BY
TAKING OVER
THE AIRPORT,
AND VANDALIZING
FREEPORT FACILITIES.

OCTOBER 2001

NUMBERS OF
FREEPORT EMPLOYEES
WERE INJURED IN A
SHOOTING ACT

MAY 2002

AN ARMED GROUP
ATTACKS OFFICES
IN KUALA KENCANA

BRO, WHY'S
THE SITUATION
GETTING WORST?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO PROTECT US!

UM... THIS IS
ALSO HARD
FOR US

WE NEED
MORE
MEN...

... WHICH
MEANS
IT'LL COST
MORE!

WHAT
ELSE
CAN I DO?



31 AUGUST 2002, A CONVOY OF VEHICLES FULL OF FREEPORT EMPLOYEES WAS ATTACKED BY AN ARMED MILITANT GROUP. DOZENS WERE INJURED, 3 WERE KILLED, 2 OF THEM ARE AMERICANS. THE TNI CLAIMS THE OPM (THE PAPUA FREEDOM MOVEMENT) AS THE ASSAILANTS, BUT THE OPM THEMSELVES REFUTE THIS CLAIM.



THE FBI WERE DEPLOYED TO CONDUCT A PROPER INVESTIGATION. THEY FOUND EVIDENCE THAT LED TO AN INTERESTING CONCLUSION



THIS ALLEGATION INTERFERED WITH THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN INDONESIAN SOLDIERS AND FREEPORT FOR A WHILE, BUT IN THE END THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AGREED WITH THE INDONESIAN MILITARY THAT THE OPM WERE THE PERPETRATORS.

THIS MOVE WAS IN FACT TO SAVE DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.

WHERE DO THE SECURITY FUNDS GO?

THE HUMAN RIGHTS WATCH GROUP, GLOBAL WITNESS, POINTS TO THE EXISTENCE OF CORRUPTION IN THE INDONESIAN MILITARY. REPORTEDLY 1/3 OF FREEPORT'S SECURITY MONEY GOES INTO THE PERSONAL POCKETS OF A NUMBER OF INDONESIAN MILITARY AND POLICE OFFICIALS, AND THAT'S NOT COUNTING THE "NON-OPERATIONAL" COSTS



A TINY GLIMPSE AT A REPORT FROM FREEPORT REVEALS:
\$64,655 IN MAY 2002, FOR A "MILITARY PROJECT"

\$10,000 IN JULY 2002
FOR THE KODAM'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

\$67,682 IN DECEMBER 2002
FOR A "HUMANITARIAN PROJECT"

\$25,000 IN 2013,
FOR THE NEEDS OF
THE PANGDAM AND HIS WIFE,
INCLUDING \$7000 FOR A HOTEL
AND MORE THAN \$16,000
FOR OTHER NEEDS,
WHICH SEEM TO BE
FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES

... MEANWHILE THE TROOPS ON THE FIELDS:



A FEW COMMENTS REGARDING THE ISSUE:

* UP UNTIL MARCH 2003 (CIRCA 2003)



IF THESE REPORTS ARE TRUE,
WE WILL FIND THEM AND CLARIFY
EVERYTHING RELATED TO THIS ISSUE.
BECAUSE, AS FAR AS I KNOW,
OUR TROOPS ARE ONLY RECEIVING
POCKET MONEY AND
MONEY FOR FOOD

COMMANDER OF THE INDONESIAN MILITARY,
GENERAL ENDIRARTONO SUTARTO

AS FAR AS I KNOW,
MY TROOPS ARE ONLY
RECEIVING RP 125,000
A MONTH. MAYBE THEY
RECEIVE FREE FOOD
BUT THAT'S ALL.
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT THAT MONEY.
I DID NOT RECEIVE
EVEN ONE CENT OF IT.



TNI AD CHIEF OF STAFF,
GENERAL RYAMIZARD RYACUDU



MUNIR SAID THALIB

SENIOR OFFICIALS ARE NOT
CAPABLE OF CONTROLLING
WHAT'S HAPPENING BENEATH THEM.
THE INDONESIAN MILITARY
HAS LOTS ITS HONOR,
AND TURNED INTO
A PAID PARAMILITARY GROUP
THAT PROTECTS AND DEFENDS
THE INTERESTS OF FREEPORT!

Sp. Ansho-16

MARCH 2006, PAPUAN STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE MURDER OF THOUSANDS OF PAPUANS SINCE THE FOUNDING OF FREEPORT AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THOUSANDS OF HECTARS OF LAND AND RIVER BY POISONOUS WASTE



THE DEMONSTRATION ENDED IN AN UPROAR.
4 ANTI-RIOT POLICE OFFICERS AND A NAVAL INTELLIGENCE AGENT DIED IN THE MASSES



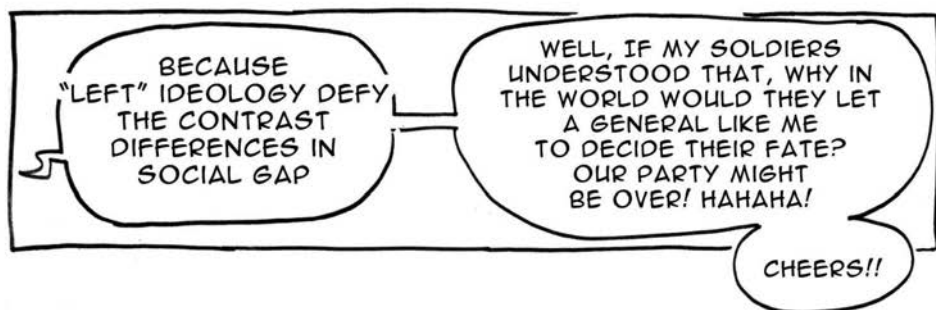
EVERY TIME A CONFLICT OCCURS, THESE LOWLY PAWNS ARE SENT IN TO FIGHT THE PROTESTERS.

THEY ARE ORDERED TO KILL THE VERY PEOPLE THEY WERE SWORN PROTECT.. AND SOMETIMES, THEY ARE KILLED.

IRONICALLY, THESE SOLDIERS BELIEVED THAT THEY WERE DYING FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

WHEREAS IN REALITY, THEY DIED FOR THE WEALTH OF FOREIGN INVESTORS, A HANDFUL OF OFFICIALS FROM SENAYAN, AND COMMANDERS WHO THEY HAD RESPECTED AND OBEYED.

Ap. Pusehyo -16



ON ONE SIDE, THERE ARE BUSINESSES
THAT CAUSE HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS

ON THE OTHER SIDE, THERE ARE PERSONS
WHO USE HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS AS THEIR BUSINESS.

AND THE VICTIM, COULD BE ANYONE



THE IPT 1965 IN THE NETHERLANDS: INDONESIA'S FORMER COLONIAL MASTER?

{ JOHANNES NUGROHO ONGGO SANUSI }

”

Seeking to redress the injustice of the 1965-66 Indonesian Communist Purge which saw the deaths of between 500,000 and 1,000,000 individuals, the International People's Tribunal 1965 opened in the Hague last week. The non-binding court evidently touched a raw nerve within the Indonesian establishment, so much so it drew fire from political grandees such as Vice President Jusuf Kalla and Coordinating Minister for Political, Legal, and Security Affairs Luhut Binsar Panjaitan. They lampooned the event and yet their arguments are clearly based on logical fallacies and irrationality.

While dismissing it as “irrelevant”, the vice president displayed great ignorance when answering questions from journalists on the subject. In a major breach of logical coherence, he argued it was “inappropriate” for the Netherlands as Indonesia’s former colonial master to host the event. To begin with, the tribunal was never the initiative of the Dutch government, a fact that effectively invalidates his charge. The tribunal was a collective effort by both international and Indonesian civil society activists to stage a “mock” trial in lieu of a real one long overdue in Indonesia.

More disturbingly, Kalla’s take on the issue found resonance with at least one academic, Hikmahanto Juwana, an international law professor from the University of Indonesia (UI), who said, *“The Dutch government shouldn’t use double standards. When we’re talking about atrocities committed by the Indonesian government it is willing to allow an event [like IPT 1965] to take place, but it’s not ready [to do the same thing] when it was the [Dutch] state and its soldiers who committed the acts of cruelty.”*

The surreal part of both men’s reasoning is the assumption that the Dutch state has both the legal and moral directive to prevent a civil society event from taking place. In a liberal democracy like the Netherlands, the state is legally and traditionally bound to respect the

right of its citizenry to hold lawful gatherings, even if to dissent from official government policies. So expecting the Dutch government to break up the tribunal is nothing short of ludicrous. Essentially, in blaming the Dutch government, both clearly failed to differentiate between the Dutch state and its civil society, both of which are part of the democratic system but by necessity remain separate.

In yet another moment of great irony for a government that professes to be against communism and all its derivatives, Jakarta’s stance on the 1986-66 Purge of the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI) is one that Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin would have approved of. The Indonesian government doggedly insists on a sanitised version of events that demonises the victims of the communist purge, tolerating no independence of thought and conscience, nor freedom of expression on the matter, by Indonesians and foreigners alike. Indonesian nationals courageous enough to take part in the tribunal are inevitably stigmatised as traitors.

Luhut Panjaitan in his recent interview with a BBC reporter said, *“Those Indonesians (involved in) the tribunal probably have very little else to do. We Indonesians know how to solve Indonesian problems (ourselves). They may be Indonesians whose way of thinking is no longer Indonesian.”*

A driving force behind the proceedings, human Rights lawyer and sociologist Nursyahbani Katjasungkana even admitted being counseled by friends and colleagues to take suitable precaution for her own safety. Acclaimed historian Asvi Warman Adam in his statement as expert witness at the tribunal even had to stress that rather than wanting to denigrate Indonesia, he only wanted to rectify the nation’s historical record.

Far from acknowledging the importance of seeking the truth in any reconciliation process, Indonesian political grandees continue to stigmatise and demonise those who do. By lambasting Indonesian nationals taking part in the IPT 1965, Luhut seems to insinuate that their love for the country has somehow been compromised at best, and that they have turned traitors at worst.

Naturally this approach is nothing new. Soeharto's New Order regime used the exact *modus operandi* to sideline any attempt to uncover the truth about what happened between 1965 and 1966. Earlier attempts by Indonesian officials to shut down screenings of Joshua Oppenheimer's documentaries *The Act of Killing* and *The Look of Silence* were reminiscent on the blanket censorship of historical discourse by international Indonesianists during Soeharto's rule. The late Benedict Anderson's *Cornell Paper*, dealing with the 1965 coup and co-authored with Ruth McVey, was subjected to the same attempts at censorship by Soeharto, if only more stringent. The New Order regime was so rattled by the international ramifications of the paper that it repeatedly sent envoys to persuade Anderson to revise his analysis. When it realised it had failed to do so by 1979, Anderson was subsequently put on a black list, banned from entering Indonesia, until after Soeharto's downfall in 1999.

The Soeharto regime also sought to silence Indonesian intellectuals deemed to be sympathetic to the left. Even Pramoedya Ananta Toer's stature as a literary giant failed to save him from the excesses of the witch hunt against the-so-called Communists



In the meantime, the Soeharto regime also sought to silence Indonesian intellectuals deemed to be sympathetic to the left. Even Pramoedya Ananta Toer's stature as a literary giant failed to save him from the excesses of the witch hunt against the-so-called Communists. Denounced as a communist traitor, he was arrested and imprisoned on the Buru Island Penitentiary from 1969 to 1979 while Soeharto's henchmen also tried to obliterate his literary works.

Inherent in the current endeavour by the government to suppress discourse on the 1965 Genocide against the left is nationalism tainted with rabid xenophobia. The pernicious way in which the government has sought to use nationalism to dismiss genuinely academic works by foreign experts on the issue is an insult to public intelligence, and injurious to the process of truth-seeking.

It is easy from the post-colonial-nationalist high ground to accuse of any former Western colonial nation of human rights abuses in the past. Indonesia is quick to point its fingers at the Dutch for the atrocities, despite the fact the Dutch government has been trying to deal with its own past crimes with greater willingness than its Indonesian counterpart has so far shown.

The landmark 2011 ruling by a Dutch court that the families of the 1947 Rawagede Massacre be compensated is proof that it is never too late to amend past mistakes. Such gesture will inevitably lead to other measures aimed at reconciliation with the past. It is no doubt one thing the Indonesian government can learn from the Netherlands.

People within the Indonesian government, like Jusuf Kalla and Luhut Panjaitan, forget or perhaps choose to ignore the fact that the Dutch government has never actively tried to suppress information about its own past human rights abuses in Indonesia.

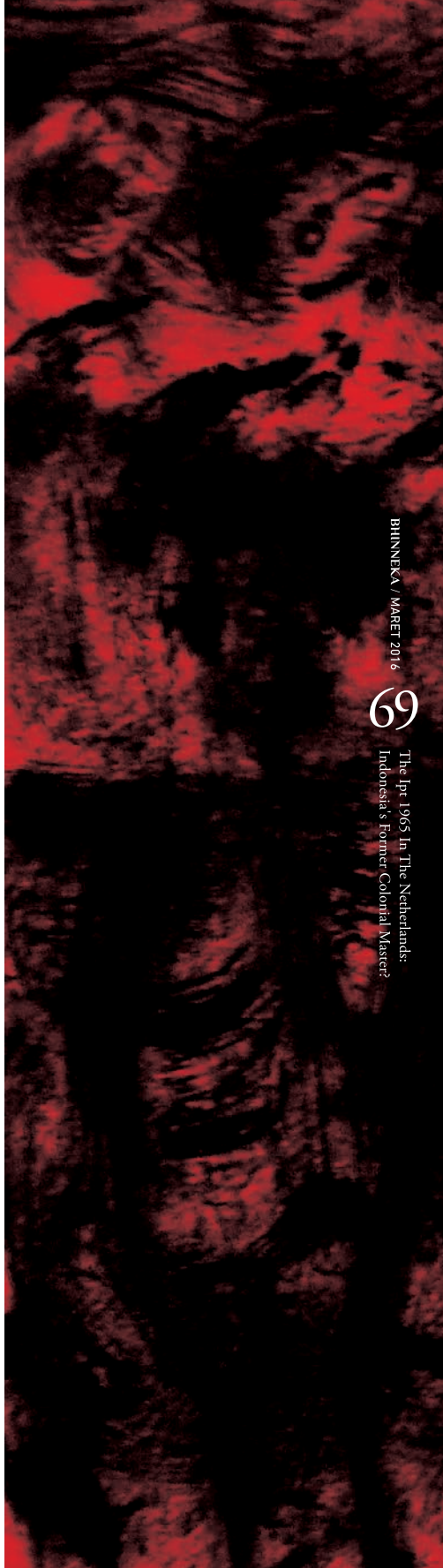
People within the Indonesian government, like Jusuf Kalla and Luhut Panjaitan, forget or perhaps choose to ignore the fact that the Dutch government has never actively tried to suppress information about its own past human rights abuses in Indonesia. As recent as 16 October, the Dutch newspaper de Volkskrant published newly discovered photos detailing atrocities committed by Dutch military forces in 1946 during the independence war.¹ By allowing such damaging material to come forth, the Dutch government, unlike its Indonesian

counterpart, is not allergic to criticisms of its past mistakes. Thankfully, the majority of Dutch people today don't believe that the editorial staff and writers at de Volkskrant to be traitors for washing the nation's dirty laundry in full public view. Unlike Luhut, neither do their politicians condemn them for it, nor try to nanny-state them into thinking along certain lines.

So irrational is Indonesia's paranoia with communism that local authorities in Yogyakarta recently confiscated 27 toys imported from China bearing Soviet flags and hammer-and-sickle insignia. It's doubtful that most Indonesian children would have known what the symbols meant, had it not been for the diligence of the officers behind the exposure. Yet such ironies are often lost in the illogical stampede based on inculcated fear.

It remains unclear what the Indonesian government tries to achieve through its anti-colonial nationalist posturing, internal scaremongering and profound denial of historical facts concerning the 1965-66 genocide of communists, their sympathisers and those unfortunate enough to be caught in the witch hunt. If it expects international accolades, then the efforts are already a failure. If it only wants to delay the tragedy's resolution, it might just succeed, yet at a great cost to Indonesia's own standing with the civilised world.—

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